

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 45.—VOL. II. NEW SERIES.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1859.

[Price 4d., Stamped 6d.]

**ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.—WARWICK MEETING.**  
ENTRIES for Implements, Cattle, Wool, Farm-Gates, and Draining Pipes, must be made on or before the FIRST OF MAY.  
ENTRIES for Live Stock must be made on or before the FIRST OF JUNE.  
All Entries received in each case after those respective dates will, without any exception, be disqualified, and returned to the sender.  
PRIZE SHEETS may be had on application at the Office of the Society, 12, Hanover Square, London.

**ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.**—The Exhibition of the Royal Academy is now open.—Admission (from Eight till Seven o'clock) 1s. Catalogues 1s.  
JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Secretary.

**EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of BRITISH ARTISTS.**—Incorporated by Royal Charter.—The Thirty-sixth Annual Exhibition of this Society is NOW OPEN from 9 A.M. till dusk. Admission 1s.  
Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East. T. ROBERTS, Secretary.

**SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.**  
The Fifty-fifth Annual Exhibition is now open at their Gallery, 4, Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till dusk. Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.  
JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

**BRISTOL AND WEST OF ENGLAND ART UNION, 1859.** (By Royal Authority.) Every Subscriber of the Union will receive an impression of the large and costly line engraving by THOMAS LANDSEER, of

"THE SHEPHERD'S BIBLE,"  
from the celebrated original picture by SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A. In addition to the chance of obtaining a valuable painting or other work of Art, to be selected from the prizes already secured by the Committee.  
The impressions of the Plate are now on view, and, with the first Prize List, may be obtained of the local Agents throughout the country. London Subscriptions may be paid to H. GRAYES & Co., 4, Pall Mall; W. H. W. MILLER, Esq., 17, Gracechurch Street, E.C.; and Mr. JAMES WATKINS, 34, Parliament Street, Westminster, S.W.  
Art-Union Office, Bristol.

**EXHIBITION OF CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHS**  
is RE-OPENED in Messrs. ROWNEY & Co.'s Fine Art Gallery, 25, Bathhouse Place. The collection comprises specimens of their beautiful art, after Turner, Stanfield, Roberts, Catmole, Mulready, Hunt, Richardson, De Wint, Copley Fielding, Frohn, and many other eminent artists. Open daily from 11 till 7 o'clock. Admission free, on signing the visitors' book.

**ROYAL EXCHANGE FINE ARTS GALLERY, 24, CORNHILL.**

**MR. MORBY** begs to state that he has opened the above Gallery (in connection with his Framing Establishment at 65, Bishopsgate Street Within), for the sale of Guaranteed Pictures, and can offer specimens of

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|--|--|--|--|
| Bright, W. Bennett, Old Currier, E. W. Cooke, W. Collins, Chambers, sen., Colvett, Carter, DeWitt, Dukes, D. W. Deane, Dany. | Elmore, Frith, Frith, Frith, Holland, Hemmely, Halle, D. Hardy, E. Hughes, Hayne, A. Johnston, | Le Jeune, Mutton, Mutrie, Mogford, McKean, Niemann, O'Neill, W. Oliver, D. Percy, A. Provis, T. S. Robins, Roestler, | Rowbotham, Shayer, sen., G. Smith, J. Syer, Super, Stark, Vacher, Whympier, Wainwright, H. R. Willis, E. Williams, Wood, &c. |
|--|--|--|--|

The Manufacture of Frames, Looking Glasses, and Cornices is carried on as before at 65, Bishopsgate Street Within.

**TO THE NATION.**—I am willing to place my Picture (of the infatigable Sleeping Venus) in the hands of the Trustees of the National Gallery for Exhibition, and for comparison with the finest Titians in this country's possession. It has been viewed by thousands, and the greatest connoisseurs of this and other countries pronounce it to be the finest picture they have ever seen. Admission 1s.—J. C. BARRATT, 389, Strand.

**ORATIONS by MR. T. MASON JONES, WILLIS'S ROOMS.**

**MR. MITCHELL** begs to announce that the popular ORATIONS by MR. T. MASON JONES will be read at the above Rooms, and will be given in the following order—

**TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 17,** at Half-past Eight o'clock, "Lord Byron."  
**FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 20,** at Half-past Eight o'clock, "R. B. Sheridan, the Dramatist, Statesman, Orator, and Wit." And  
**MONDAY EVENING, MAY 23,** at Half-past Eight o'clock, "Richard Burke, the Philosopher, Statesman, and Orator."

Reserved Seats (numbered), 5s. Unnumbered Seats, 2s. 6d.

MR. T. MASON JONES will also give an ORATION at EXETER HALL, on THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 20th, on "Milton, the Poet, Statesman, Prose Writer, and Poet."

Tickets to be obtained at MR. MITCHELL'S Royal Library, 23, Old Bond Street; Mr. ROBERT OLIVER'S Music Warehouse, 19, Old Bond Street; and at the principal Libraries and Musicellers.

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AND, BY PARTICULAR REQUEST,  
**A MATINEE**  
ON SATURDAY, JUNE 18.

**PROGRAMME OF THE FIRST SOIREE (MAY 27).**  
QUARTET in E flat, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello..... MOSART.  
SONATA in F sharp major, pianoforte solo (Op. 78)..... BEETHOVEN.  
RECUEIL des Airs Variés, Nos. 2 and 3, Book 2 (Op. 71)..... DUKAK.  
(The first time in England.)

**PART II.**  
SONATA in E major (Op. 5)..... MENDELSSOHN.  
(First time in public.)  
TRIO in B flat, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello..... SCHUBERT.

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Particulars of the SECOND SERIES, JUNE 3, and the MATINEE JUNE 18, will be duly announced.

Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d. each, or 1s. 1s. for the three concerts. Unreserved Seats (Area or Balcony), 5s. Gallery, 2s. 6d. Tickets may be obtained of Miss GODDARD, 47, Welbeck Street; of all the principal Musicellers; at the Ticket Office of the Hall, 36, Piccadilly; at Messrs. KEITH, PROWSE, & Co.'s, 46, Chancery; and at CHAPPELL & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street.

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**WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 25;**  
TO COMMENCE AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

|                    |                |
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| SECOND VIOLIN..... | HERR RIES.     |
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## REVIEWS.

*The Queen's Colleges and the Queen's University.* By a Professor. (Bell & Daldy.)

Irish education has always been a problem; there was Trinity College for the rich, and hedge schools for the poor, and the moment any attempt was made to provide something for the rest of the community, difficulties gathered round thick and fast. Roman Catholics objected to the bible being taught as a class-book; Presbyterians would not do without it; members of the Establishment insisted on the catechism which all the others repudiated, and by way of satisfying all parties, centuries rolled away and nothing was done at all. In the year 1845, however, an attempt was made to supply a kind of education to the higher and middle classes in Ireland—but principally to the middle classes—of a far better description than had before been placed within their reach, and at the same time avoid offence to Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, or Episcopalian. The institution was called the Queen's University; a board was established for examination in Dublin, the power of granting degrees was conferred upon it, and colleges founded in connection with it in Cork, Galway, and Belfast. The education offered was strictly secular, and as may very easily be imagined the plan met with the most bitter and unrelenting hostility. The term "Godless" was at once bestowed on the colleges, and all that could be done by the clergy of the three denominations was done to prevent the proffered boon being accepted. In 1849 the colleges were opened to the public, and the question is, what after ten years has been the fate of the experiment? Its adversaries say it has completely failed, that a more perfect collapse was never known, and by repeating this assertion on platforms, and in newspapers, on the hustings, in reviews, letters, pamphlets, and magazines, they have succeeded in making a great impression on the public mind against the Queen's University. There is nothing very wonderful in this. It was a matter of almost universal belief in France, ten years after the Battle of Trafalgar, that the French and Spanish fleet had in that engagement obtained a most glorious victory, and that the power of the English was for ever annihilated at sea. Even to this day the greater part of the Spaniards believe that the Duke of Wellington, whom they only know by his Spanish title—Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo—was a born Spaniard, or as they phrase it, *Castillano viejo y rancio*. Nevertheless the French were beaten at Trafalgar, the Duke of Wellington was an Irishman, and the Queen's University has been exceedingly successful.

In the publication before us the Professor asks the question:

"Are the Queen's Colleges a failure?"

"That they are, is an impression extensively prevalent at the present moment; owing to what, will be afterwards considered. That they are not, is the conviction of the writer, and will, it is hoped, be the conviction of the reader of the following pages.

"The Colleges have not failed, for—

"1. They are actually at this moment doing more for the lay education of Ireland than the University of Oxford, and almost as much as the University of Cambridge, is doing for the lay education of England."

And so far as numbers are concerned we are bound to say that the Professor makes out his case; but then it must be remembered that lay education in England is mainly conducted by the clergy, and is therefore to be reckoned not according to the number of laymen educated at Oxford or Cambridge, but according to the number of laymen educated by the members of universities. After all, though the comparison be too ambitious, it is clear that the Queen's University has been very prosperous. Perhaps the most remarkable feature in the case is one which has hitherto received a much smaller degree of attention than was really due to it:

"In England, the system of Trinity College, Dublin, seems not generally understood. It is therefore absolutely requisite for a correct estimate of the difficulties with which the Queen's Colleges have to contend to state that, whilst these Colleges enforce residence and attendance on lectures for a degree in Arts, in Trinity College, Dublin, a student may obtain, and the great majority of its students do obtain, degrees, simply by passing two examinations each year during the four years of the academical course, *without residing or attending any lectures whatsoever*; the student being left to acquire the knowledge requisite for passing wherever and however he can. The fees for the four years' course, including the degree of B.A., are for a pensioner 84*l.*, whilst the fees in the Queen's Colleges, for the three years' course, are 22*l.* But this apparent difference in favour of the Queen's Colleges, as regards expense, is more than made up, in the majority of cases, by the increased expense which their students incur from the necessity of living away from home at their respective colleges during the greater part of an eight months' session; whilst a student of Dublin College may reside at home during his whole course, with the exception of about two weeks each year. Besides, the students of the Queen's University can do little to support themselves by teaching, or other occupations, during their academic course, residence being enforced; whilst a student of Trinity College, Dublin, may, and often does, accept the position of a tutor in any place where it is offered, subject only to the condition of being absent during two weeks each year at the examinations. On account of the facilities it thus offers for obtaining degrees, Trinity College, Dublin, is much frequented by a certain class of schoolmasters, who are anxious to obtain degrees without residence at a university."

In England every student at Oxford or Cambridge must reside, and this has been often felt as a disadvantage. What matters it, say many, where we live provided we are sufficiently educated to pass the requisite examination; and this idea of a university education, that it consists in being made able to pass a certain examination, has been at the bottom of the plan pursued by the University of London. It is, in fact, a university without colleges; Dublin has to a certain extent pursued the same course, and hence the Queen's University labours under a great apparent disadvantage.

But the result has shown that the residence and the actual college education is the very thing which the Irish people have preferred. They are frequently accused of a love for display and titles, of a somewhat French attachment to "*la gloire*," and it is with deep satisfaction that we see such a report as that which the Professor presents to us.

It appears that by far the larger number, in the proportion of nearly 9 to 1, are satisfied with the College examinations, and do not proceed to any degree at all. This at first appears an unfavourable statement, and a large use has been made of it; but it is very far from being so—the students at

Galway, for instance, have been mostly inhabitants of the province of Connaught; they have been aware of the advantages offered at Queen's College, Galway, they have embraced them, have resided on the spot, attended the lectures, passed the College examinations, and been educated—but they have not thought it needful to go to Dublin to obtain the degree of B.A. It was the education, not the degree which they required.

Thus, while England has by means of the University of London provided degrees for those who could not reside at any seat of special preparation, Ireland has introduced the old English system of a regular university course, and finds that it is valued as indeed it ought to be. The proportion of students at Dublin, who are members of Trinity College, but who do not reside, is larger than we had supposed. The Professor says:

"English people fifteen years ago were not generally aware—at the present moment they are not generally aware—that the ancient and wealthy foundation of Trinity College, Dublin, has never yet ventured to enforce residence on its students: that hence of the 1500 undergraduates upon its books, not one-third ever come near the College, except at an examination twice a year. Had they known this, they never would have expected, as many doubtless did, that the Queen's Colleges, which enforce residence, would, in a short time from their opening, have as many undergraduates on their books as Trinity College, Dublin, which does not."

What follows will be still more unexpected:

"English people were not, and are still not, aware that *private* classical schools no longer exist in Ireland, except in one or two large towns; and that *public* schools, having their exhibitions, &c., exclusively in Trinity College, Dublin, direct the views of their pupils exclusively to it."

The Colleges are therefore urgent necessities. It can hardly be a matter of surprise that the number of students should be on the increase, and that the principals should be able to point to a progress like the following:

|                               |     |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| In the session 1855-6 . . . . | 438 |
| " 1856-7 . . . .              | 454 |
| " 1857-8 . . . .              | 445 |
| " 1858-9 . . . .              | 490 |

These students are almost exclusively Irish. Dublin is a cosmopolitan university, and the Professor makes a calculation much to the advantage of the Queen's Colleges in the following passage:

"Of the 2720 entrances during the last ten years in the University of Dublin, at least 500 have been *Englishmen, Welshmen, or Scotchmen*: for about 50 Englishmen, Welshmen, or Scotchmen enter that university each year, attracted, doubtless, by the facilities it offers for obtaining the degree of B.A., in consequence of its not enforcing residence. This number, 500, deducted from the total 2720, leaves only 2220 *Irish* entrances; a number which exceeds the entrances into the different Queen's Colleges during the same period (deducting from the latter, for the same reason, 50, which is probably a high proportion) only by 370.

"Now when it is considered that the University of Dublin has the complete monopoly of the education of the clergy of the Established Church in Ireland, it will be seen at once that the Queen's Colleges are doing far more for the lay education of Ireland than the University of Dublin is doing."

Nor can it be said that the education bestowed is of an inferior quality. There are in the three Colleges sixty professors, many of whom are men of European education, and

in the publication before us we have proofs of the way in which the pupils have distinguished themselves. It is a very remarkable fact that the system pursued at Trinity College, Dublin, has been greatly modified since the establishment of these institutions. The Professor asserts:

"It is proper to state that the character of the education given by the Queen's Colleges, and of the examinations by which that education is tested in the Queen's University, has tended very much to raise the standard of education in Ireland, not merely by influencing the few classical schools which still exist, but by doing away with the monopoly of high education which was formerly possessed by the University of Dublin. *An educational monopoly is as mischievous to education as a trading monopoly can be to trade.* By destroying this monopoly, the Queen's Colleges and the Queen's University have benefited Ireland at large, and rendered essential service to the University of Dublin itself. The most cursory comparison of the 'Dublin University Calendar' of this year with that of ten years ago (before the colleges were brought into operation) will quite evince this fact. *Almost the whole course in Arts has been changed.*"

We are much pleased to have this unequivocal proof that the cause of education is prospering in Ireland. A few years and the last remains of that barbarism which so long clung to her will be cleared away, and she will stand forth as one of the most peaceful, enlightened, and prosperous lands on earth.

*A Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors, Living and Deceased; from the Earliest Accounts to the Middle of the Nineteenth Century. Containing Thirty Thousand Biographies and Literary Notices. With Forty Indices of Subjects.* By S. Austin Allibone. (Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson; London: Trübner & Co.)

Nor Caius Julius Cæsar, when, after countless victories, he ascended the Capitoline Hill, with troops of elephants, carrying torch-bearers on their backs, upon his right hand and upon his left, and with the Roman senate at his heels; not he, we feel assured, went forward with a more right royal air than that with which Mr. S. Austin Allibone, his "Dictionary of Authors" under his arm, advances up to the Temple of Fame, in order to assume the very uppermost place amongst the bibliographers of creation.

Mr. Allibone, indeed, sounds his own trumpet with an exuberant self-confidence that is quite diverting. Listen, America! give ear, O Europe! and ye Isles, where Britishers abound! Lo, the *opus maximum* of the nineteenth century, in the shape of the "Critical Dictionary!" This dictionary is, in truth, the dictionary. It contains the distinctive excellences, without any of the defects of all other bibliographical works whatsoever. It is adapted to all tastes, and calculated to meet the requirements of all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children. The clergyman will find it "an ever present, well-informed friend at his elbow." The lawyer it will enable to acquire a lofty legal reputation, and the physician—we beg pardon, Doctor of Medicine—after availing himself of the "wrinkles" it supplies, will "walk forth the admiration of his fellow-citizens and a marvel of erudition." To merchants and artists, mechanics and agriculturists, ladies, prentice boys, and "bibliomaniacs;" to pious Christians, and booksellers with a keen eye to the main chance: to each and all of

these several classes the work is absolutely the one thing needful. But it is in his address to the "working-man" that Mr. Allibone rises to the full height of his great argument. As an illustration of the "pecuniary advantages of knowledge," he tells a wonderful tale of "an operative in a cotton factory, who, having subscribed three dollars a year for a magazine," found in this periodical certain "designs for goods, which he thought he could copy"—which he did copy, and "found that his three dollars was a most profitable investment." Then follows the grand moral, "Had the operative in question said to the proffered magazine, as we have imagined the working-man [ungrateful working-man!] to say to our manual, what,"—exclaims the enthusiastic Mr. Allibone, rising in his might and actually taking away the breath of his ingrate hearer—"what a mistake he would have made!" (Preface, p. vi.)

The first essential in the compiler of a work of this description is a due sense of proportion—the power of estimating mental stature, so as to be able to allot fairly to each author introduced the amount of space demanded by his intellectual dimensions. The present volume gives us from letter A to letter J, and a run through these letters furnishes the following results, gleaned from the notices of writers of the nineteenth century.

First and foremost comes Mr. Washington Irving, whose Leviathan bulk it seems cannot possibly be squeezed into less than NINETEEN COLUMNS; Hallam has four columns accorded to him; Hawthorne, James, and W. Howitt, three columns each; Carlyle, Chalmers, Dickens, Brougham, Mary Howitt, and Maria Edgeworth, two columns each; Coleridge, one column and three-quarters; John Foster (the writer on Decision of Character), one column and a-half; Elizabeth Barrett Browning, one column and three-quarters; De Quincy and Disraeli (the Right Hon. Benjamin), each, one column and a-quarter; Crabbe, one column; Emerson, not quite a column; Channing, not quite a column; Jane Austen, Mary Ferriar, Banim, Carleton, and George Combe, each, one-third of a column; Andrew Combe half a column; Froude, nine lines; and Henry Havelock, author of the "Narrative of the War in Afghanistan"—Havelock, the God-fearing Soldier—the Saviour of beleaguered Lucknow—two lines and a half.

According to this scale, the great god of Mr. Allibone's literary idolatry must be equal to more than nine Carlyles, or to a dozen Maria Edgeworths or Thomas Chalmers, or to at least a score of William Ellory Channings, or to Carlyle, Brougham, Chalmers, Dickens, Mary Howitt, Elizabeth Browning, Channing, Emerson, Jane Austen, George Combe, Miss Ferriar, Carleton, Banim, Disraeli, Froude, Crabbe, and Thomas de Quincy, all rolled into one!

We have not the slightest wish to disparage the gentle Irving, over whose genial and picturesque pages we have spent so many pleasant hours; but really Mr. Allibone's belief in the Behemoth vastness of his nice gossipy friend, reminds us somewhat of the anatomist's fancy that his great toe was as big as St. Paul's cathedral. Of the authors last named, there are many well worthy of a far larger space than is bestowed upon them; and it may, perhaps, provoke comparisons which had better be avoided, when we find so large an account of a writer who is chiefly distinguished as a

novelist, and a few lines only bestowed on poets and philosophers of the highest merit. Another defect in the volume is the absence of a spirit of fair-play. The compiler parades his excessive impartiality, and, as a distinctive feature of his production, dwells again and again upon its enabling readers to judge of both sides of each point at issue. Suppose we test these lofty professions! Suppose, as an example of Mr. Allibone's fairness, we take his treatment of those great Englishmen, to whose patriotic exertions, two centuries since, is attributable the exemption of this country from the revolutionary conflagration which devastated Europe eleven years ago. On doing this, we find that this republican maker of dictionaries cannot afford a good word to the prominent actors in the Great Civil War, and in the events which preceded it, unless when they happen to have been sturdy sticklers for the dogma of Right Divine. Sometimes, indeed, he passes them over altogether. He enumerates the literary productions of King Charles the Martyr, but makes no mention of the philosophical treatise entitled "The Monarchy of Man," which contains passages of which Milton himself might have been proud, and which was composed by Sir John Elliot while dying by inches a prisoner in the Tower. The compiler might not unreasonably have been expected to know something more of the history of this country in the seventeenth century than is to be found in Goldsmith's "Abridgment for the use of Schools," and Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England." He has a lively recollection of certain remarkable occurrences on the 30th of January, 1649. Has he never heard of the events of March 2, 1629—that day when King Charles made one of his first great strides towards the scaffold? That day, which Sir Symonds D'Ewes (writing at the time) pronounced to be "the most gloomy, sad, and dismal day for England that ever happened for five hundred years,"—that day when Sir John Elliot entered the House of Commons in order to move the Remonstrance against the King's unconstitutional acts; and when, on producing it and requesting the Speaker to read it, that officer refused, and Elliot had to read it himself; and on asking the Speaker to put it to the vote, was met by the words that "he [the Speaker] was commanded otherwise by the King,"—when the Speaker attempted to quit the chair, and was dragged back to it and held down in it by Hollis and Valentine until the Remonstrance had been put to the vote and carried triumphantly, during which proceedings not a few of the members around had their hands on their swords, and the furious monarch, after several futile attempts at getting possession of the mace, had actually ordered the captain of his guard to burst open the doors of the House of Parliament.

For the bold stand which he made on that eventful day, Sir John Elliot paid with his life; and parading, as Mr. Allibone does, the "murder,"—the "barbarous murder" of King Charles, it is strange that he takes no notice whatever of this illustrious old Cornishman—this great writer and noble champion of the laws and constitution of England, who was "murdered" by the Royal Martyr and his creatures, as surely as Sir Harry Vane was "murdered" by the Royal Martyr's worthless son. Then we are told that Lord Falkland "died at an early age in defence of his sovereign," and

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piles of commendatory testimonials, both in prose and verse, are given from various authors. But of one who was the equal of Falkland in courage, courtesy, and integrity, and immeasurably his superior in intellect—of John Hampden, who poured out his life-blood on Chalgrave Field, in defence of the laws of his native land, of him there are no opinions quoted in the notice following his name. In the article on Oliver Goldsmith, however, we are reminded that Hampden was “stigmatised by the great Charendon as the modern Cinna.” The base falsehood of this characterisation our readers do not require to be shown.

A remarkably glaring instance of Mr. Allibone's positive unfairness is to be seen in his assault on Mr. Thackeray, because the great humourist has not, in his opinion, trodden sufficiently hard upon the toes of Henry Fielding, and has dared to turn up his nose at Samuel Richardson. Had the righteous bibliographer done more than dip into the “English Humourists” he could not but have noted the moral drawn from “Goldsmith's improvidence, Fielding's fatal love of pleasure, and Steele's mania for running races with the constable.” He would have found repeated warnings of the disastrous consequences of “reckless habits and careless lives.” He would have been apprised that “women would avoid the man of loose life,” and that “prudent folks would close their doors, lest a demand should be made on their pockets by the needy prodigal.” There is, indeed, no man, dead or living, who has enunciated such healthy views with reference to literature and literary men as has Mr. Thackeray. While other great writers have been whining about the misfortunes of genius, and doing their best to convert the literary men of to-day into privileged mendicants, like the king's bedesmen of the olden time, he has from first to last boldly preached this most wholesome, but to many most unpalatable, doctrine, Genius must discharge the tailor's bill, must pay the butcher, and the baker. To do this: genius must cease moaning, and learn to be practical; must purge and live cleanly, and give up all thoughts of spending half-a-crown out of sixpence a day. Society is fast being permeated by these healthy notions of Mr. Thackeray's, and presently we shall see less of the literary begging box, and hear less of the improvidence of literary men.

We have not space to enumerate a tithe of the defects which we have noted in this Dictionary. The reader has very often to deplore that, while the page is encumbered with matter of the most stupidly twaddling character, information of the most needful kind is withheld. Thus, in the lines devoted to William Lloyd Garrison, there is nothing which would lead a stranger to the knowledge that the intrepid leader of the American Abolitionists was before him as a sonneteer. In the sketch of the unfortunate Major André, is introduced a stanza from that satirical poem, in which he describes the American general, Wayne, as “the warrior-drover.” But Mr. Allibone does not mention that the execution of André has frequently been attributed to the irritation felt by the American officers on account of his sarcasms at their expense. The dates given in this work are not always to be depended on. As one instance out of many, we refer to the notice of William Collins, an edition of whose works, “excellently edited” by Mr. Moy Thomas, was, Mr. Allibone informs us, published in 1858. Had

Mr. Allibone consulted that edition, he would have learned that Collins was not born in 1720, and that he did not die in 1756.

From these mistakes we turn to the meritorious features of the work. It contains unmistakable proofs of the author's amazing industry, and must have occupied his head and hands for years. Perhaps few printed books in existence contain so many names of authors not generally known, and not a few of which have generations ago sailed down the stream of oblivion. To book-worms, therefore, who can detect its errors of fact, and so will remain uninfluenced by its wilful misrepresentations, this production will be of much service. Had the author eschewed twaddle and partiality, and not magnified dwarfs into giants, the Dictionary would have been an invaluable boon to all classes of readers. In treating of writers remarkable for geniality of nature and for the pleasant gossip character of their works, let us admit that Mr. Allibone is quite in his element. He hunts out all that is to be learned about them, and reproduces it with a loving pen. Witness his sketch of poor Oliver Goldsmith. One of the most pleasing things in the volume is the notice of Mary Howitt, which will be to many readers a startling revelation of enormous literary industry. Notwithstanding the many works which that lady has composed in conjunction with her husband, and her countless contributions to periodicals, it will be seen that she has produced upwards of fifty independent publications, two-thirds of these being original works, and consisting of stories for children, novels, poetry, biography, and history: the remainder, of translations from the Swedish, Danish, and German languages. Mrs. Howitt is gracefully characterised by Mr. Allibone as “one whose happiness it is to number as many friends as she has readers, and to have as few enemies as she has written worthless books.”

*Hongkong to Manila.* By Henry T. Ellis. (Smith & Elder.)

THE East is fast losing its mystery. The city of good Haroun Alraschid and the Arabian Nights has exchanged its one-eyed calenders and wandering peris for unexceptionable gents fresh from the West End, and fair-faced English maidens in round hats and jaunty feathers. India, the country of Aurungzebe and Jehan-guire, of pearls and diamonds, Taj Mahals and peacock thrones, has become a mere vulgar suburb to England; and Persia, with its traditions of Cyrus and Nadir Shah, has dwindled into a remote parish, where the vestry quarrels among itself, and expels recalcitrant members vigorously. Even China, where there was never anything but increasing mystery and impenetrability, like her own concentric balls worked one within the other, has now opened her ports and cities to the Fankwei, and bids fair to be as completely popularised as the Boulevards or Schaffhausen. Japan has lost her veil, which the foreign barbarians tore rudely from her brow; and now there are so many photographs of her features, that we know them almost as well as we know the profile of the lion on Northumberland House. As for Manila, who knew or cared anything about it until quite of late? Manila cheroots, Manila handkerchiefs, and Manila straw hats, were familiar enough to the people of England; but Manila itself might have been in the moon for any curiosity or popular feeling expressed about

it. Now, however, she bids fair to become a favourite place of resort, and her long-haired Indian girls and cock-fighting Indian men favourite objects for the artist; to whom, indeed, they must be valuable addenda to the worn-out stock of subjects filling up his portfolio. The newspaper press has helped Manila into its present place of sudden notoriety; and now Mr. Ellis has lent his aid to the work, if indeed it can be called aid at all. “From Hong-Kong to Manila” will not help much towards popularising the island. The book is conscientious, and that is all that we can say of it; for it is neither graphic nor eloquent, neither amusing nor especially instructive, and has the intolerable vice of attempted smartness without wit or even humour. It is, moreover, one of those purely personal books, which aim at detailing adventures when there are no adventures to detail, and which care more to tell how author and friend rode, muddily and jaded, into such and such a place, than what that place was like, or wherein it differed externally and essentially from places at home. And yet the author might have done better if he had been content to be natural and unaffected, and to describe things and places instead of himself and circumstances.

The first thing which struck Mr. Ellis the morning after his arrival was, “the crowing of an immense number of cocks;” for here cock-fighting is carried to a passion unknown elsewhere. Every Manila Indian had a game-cock upon his shoulder, or tucked under his arm, or occasionally perched on his head; and when two men met, they would speak a few words, “squat down, and allow their respective birds, who had meanwhile been bristling up with war-like ardour, to take a few quiet pecks at each other, which seemed to refresh them amazingly, and without further comment each would go on his way, and each cock resume a peaceful attitude.” Yet it is unlawful to allow the cocks to come to a regular pitched battle, excepting at the proper certified cockpits; the same with gambling, out of the licensed houses: “and half the convicts that are seen working on the roads in chains are doing so for the grave offence of fighting their cocks, or playing ‘monto’ in unlicensed places, by the road-side, or anywhere but at a government establishment.” These establishments are numerous. Every village has at least one, and in Manila there are several. The principal saints' days and Sunday afternoons are the favourite cock-fighting times:

“You may hear the crowing of the warrior birds for a long distance off: about the doors you find a concourse of men, mostly Indians, dressed in their gay parti-coloured cottons, with a handkerchief, oftenest of a bright red, twisted turban-fashion round the head; and resting on one arm, with a string to his leg, is Master Gallo, looking as ‘mild as milk punch,’ excepting when the too near approach of another causes him to ruffle up. Inside you pass through between two lines of cocks, with their tethers pegged into the ground, stretching their necks out, and apparently abusing each other to their hearts' content; while the owners stand about making up bets and matches; and occasionally, as if to see their relative mettle, hold the birds close enough together to make them exceedingly angry with each other, or to get an occasional peck.”

The cocks are “spurred” with “bright pieces of steel, of about three inches long, and as sharp as the best razor”—indeed, they are generally made out of old razors; and frequently both birds lie dead at the same moment. Sometimes an accidental



blow from the inferior bird settles the question, for the spurs are deadly, and do not need much repetition to become effective. In general, Mr. Ellis remarks, the handsomer bird was the coward, and the lesser and meaner-looking the hero and victor. The Indians are very cruel. Often they pluck a beaten cock alive, in revenge at his having lost, though the poor brute has been the petted and constant companion of his master for months before, and has learnt all the ways which domestic animals do learn when in hourly contact with man. A better sight than cock-pits and tortured birds was the long, luxuriant hair of the Mestiza or half-caste, and the Indian women. This magnificent hair they often "allow to hang loosely round their shoulders, like the well-known picture on the Macassar oil bottles;" and on one certain morning, when our author danced away his heart, which, by the bye, seems to be rather a vagrant article of human flesh with him, he says that, "on commencing the polka, I had to pass my hand through my partner's tresses, in order to make the authorised embrace; it was with considerable difficulty I was enabled to achieve it, and the hand never saw daylight again until the dance was over." Most of the Mestizas are spoiled by some tell-tale admixture of Chinese blood, which unfortunately shows itself more strongly than any other. It is seen in the drooping corner of the eye, the high cheek-bone, the broad and somewhat flattened nose; heard in the shrill falsetto voice when singing, and in the drawl, when speaking. The pure Mestiza, or half-caste between a Spaniard and Indian, is a fine specimen of humanity enough; and to her and the Indian *pur sang* belong those wonderful tresses already spoken of. The Mestiza girls are in their prime between fifteen and nineteen; after then they rapidly fade and wither into middle age. They do not smoke so universally as it is said; at least not in good society; neither do they all chew betel. The lower classes do both, to a disgusting extent, and the men of every grade smoke as if for dear life; but the women are more particular; and ladies hold white teeth and cleanly habits as dear at Manilla as they do elsewhere. The real Indians smoke at all ages and of both sexes; and even before they are weaned are said to alternate between their natural food and a cigar "that might have served them for a walking-stick." The dress of the women is pretty; that of the men curiously easy and ugly, with the trousers rolled up to the knees, and the shirt, "open at the neck and without a tie of any description," worn loosely flowing outside. They wear tall black felt hats, or straw hats of the same shape; but sometimes they wind a bright coloured handkerchief, turban-wise, round the head. Here is a holiday description of two young Mestizo people; brother and sister, lovers, or newly married, as the case might be, Mr. Ellis could not satisfactorily determine which:

"His pantaloons were of striped blue and white silk, drawn in at the waist by a cord of the same material—a fact he happened to reveal when lifting his shirt of the finest unbleached piña. This latter had a little pink stripe in it,—its tails, breast, and collar, were most elaborately worked with white silk, and it was thrown open at the neck, with no kerchief or tie of any kind. White cotton stockings, and embroidered leather pumps of the thinnest and most toe-case description, and some rings on his fingers, completed the costume.

"His companion was of a slim, delicate figure, very small hands and feet, her complexion a shade or two lighter than the young man's, and her features, notwithstanding a little tendency, like his, to flatness and breadth of nose, soft and pleasing, but, perhaps, partaking more of the interesting than really pretty. Her teeth were perfect pearls, and her profuse raven locks, drawn off the forehead, and supported in a plait behind by a magnificent towering comb, which, with some curious-headed hairpins, little bits of silver network, &c., rendered the idea of ever placing a bonnet thereon absolute treason and sacrilege, if at all possible. She also wore ear-rings, which savage custom, I regret to have to confess, 'still obtains,' as the Yankees say, among Spaniards. Her camisa, or jacket, was of fine piña, the same material as the gentleman's shirt, but plain; and this just reached far enough down to cover the silk string of the saya, or petticoat, which was also silk, of a gay scarlet and green plaid pattern. As the camisa alone, from its extreme transparency, might lead to rather more *exposed* than is consonant with strict ideas of delicacy, a little neckerchief is generally worn, and here, was of a neat blue and white pattern; the necessity of this latter article I always thought was to be regretted, as it certainly does not tend to improve the figure, giving it, on the contrary, rather a huddled-up appearance—breaking, in fact, the line of beauty. Both of them were most scrupulously clean and neat, and evidently got up for a holiday; the lady wore white silk stockings, and most delicate little slippers, with a view, I imagine, to out-door exercise, for in the house they seldom wear any stockings at all. With this remark, I believe, my observations on this interesting young couple are pretty nearly exhausted, if I except a brief comment on their eyes. In both they were dark and soft, perhaps a little sleepy, but, on the whole, good—a little the worse for a slight droop of the inner corner, giving them the appearance of having been put in rather askew. Oh, John Chinaman! John Chinaman! that's all your fault! By some means or another, Celestial blood has been disseminated throughout the Mestizo races, and there are few, except amongst the highest classes, that are totally exempt from it."

The houses are generally "glazed" with oyster-shell (mother-of-pearl) instead of glass. This, at first so uncomfortably suggestive of imprisonment and darkness, soon becomes a luxury in shielding the sight from the fierce glare of the sun, and in keeping the temperature many degrees cooler than a transparent medium would have done. It is economical, too, costing less to repair after an earthquake has shaken all the window-panes to fragments than the same amount of manufactured glass. There is a still further advantage in the custom, says Mr. Ellis, "that you may breakfast off the tenant and mend your window with his homestead afterwards." The foundations and basement of the Manilla houses are built solidly and heavily of stone to resist the frequent shocks that visit the town; the upper story is of a slighter make, but bolted, which gives considerable play and elasticity during the "terramota" that is so common. It must be a strange feeling to an Englishman to live in a country where earthquakes are provided for, as matters of course, and the best manner of resisting them the first consideration in domestic architecture. Nothing can exceed the hospitality of the inhabitants. Frank and unsuspecting, they are as easily won as children, and keep all but open house to all comers. A bouquet of flowers left with some set speeches for the lady of the house, a card to show one's name and dignity, a few compliments, and the ordinary courtesies of ordinary well-bred society, will secure any English or American officer or gentleman admission to a Manilla family, and gain them invitations to all the

"bayles" (pronounced *bilees*) in the neighbourhood. These bayles or balls do not cost much in dress. Linen jackets, no gloves, the loosest possible necktie, if any at all, but unexceptionable patent leathers, constitute the favourite ball-room attire of the Manilla exquisites. Sometimes it is their fancy to go as pure Mestizo men, with their trowsers turned up, their embroidered shirts hanging outside, and floating free and wild about the neck: at these times all the women wear the "*saya*," let their long hair fall loose to their hips, thrust their brown, unstockinged feet into little toe slippers, and thus meet their partners on their own ground. But this is not often. In general the half-caste dress is confined to the half-caste men, and to the upper classes of Indians. On the whole, Manilla must be a delightful place to the young officer just released from shipboard; and we do not wonder that the "*novio propero*," or lawful lover of the Manilla demoiselle should grow as frantically jealous, as Mr. Ellis says he does, of the attentions and flirtation of the new comers. The demoiselle herself, divided between proud delight in her foreign admirer, who knows so much, and is so gallant and courteous, and a patriotic desire to translate the "*novio*" into a husband for life, generally contrives to offend the last without fixing the first; so that when the one loves and rides away, the other, who loves and remains, declares off too, and leaves the pretty maiden to a season of betel and desolation. One of the most universal characteristics of women is their passion for foreigners. It is the same everywhere, from Manchester to Manilla; though very few care to own it, when the sulky "*novio propero*" remains as the last resource, and the fascinating stranger has gone back to his own charmers.

Mr. Ellis saw a pretty young girl take the veil; but nothing divided the ceremony in Manilla from the like event anywhere else. There was the same highly-wrought fanaticism, the same human feeling in the parents struggling with religious joy and the pride of the occasion, the same little bye-play between novice and nun, and then the final irrevocable words, which leave less hope, and are less elastic, than any other vow woman's lips can pronounce. He also at the house of a certain padre met some charming women with whom he sings, sighs, and flirts to his heart's content; giving it as his impression that the padres generally have a very jolly life of it, and are not too strictly trammelled by puritanism of morals. But, as a rule, puritanism of morals does not thrive in hot countries; and men who travel much grow accustomed to a geography in virtue. For there is as distinct a difference in national notions of right and wrong, according to latitude and longitude, as there is in vegetation; the lichens of the north, and the giant grasses of the equator, do not more clearly mark the temperature under which they flourish, than do the moral views which are in fashion among men. Manilla is very lenient. Repentance of certain peccadilloes is soon followed by re-admission into society and the world's esteem; and if the padre of a village picks out its prettiest maiden for his housekeeper, or if he brings from afar a dainty niece or loving sister, why—the padre knows his own affairs the best. Give the men their cock-pit and their gaming-table, and they ask no questions: give the women their music, dancing, and flirtations, and

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A charming book might be written of the island and its people; but we are sorry to say that Mr. Ellis has not written that charming book. He has been what the Germans call too subjective, while dealing with a purely objective theme; and has thus made a fatal mistake so far as the art and harmony of book-making go. Yet he had good material, and he is conscientious. But authorship is not a craft to be learned in a day; and Mr. Ellis has many days' study before him yet ere he will have mastered its first principles.

*Pictures of Country Life.* By Alice Cary. (Derby & Jackson, New York. Sampson Low, London.)

THE only lamentable thing about this book is its prodigality of material. Subject matter enough for half-a-dozen full grown novels is compressed into tiny magazine tales of not many more pages: characters full of vitality and individual distinctness are dwarfed into mere miniature portraits; and incidents, which might have been expanded into plots and complicated into entanglements three volumes long, are passed in review before us like a troop of mamikin soldiers, any one of which might have been nurtured into a literary Goliath. This is in no wise a condemnation of the book: on the contrary, it is a confession of the exceeding wealth of material garnered within its pages; and if we regret the lavish outpour of all this wealth in so small a space it is for the sake of the authoress herself, not her readers. Had she amplified and elaborated more she would have put her capital out to larger interest, and have husbanded her resources for future ventures.

The stories are very sweet and charming, and the personages stand out with all the intensity of American portraiture; there is not the faintest dash of melodrama throughout; and a pure and beautiful spirit pervades every page. One of the prettiest of the tales is that of "Hasty Words, and their Apology." The picture of Myrie is perfect in its way; as bright a touch as was ever laid on canvas or paper:

"She was sitting on the border of grass at the edge of the walk close by the gate, where Luther had left her, and with one hand was pulling the curl out of her brown hair, while the other rested on the head of the big watch-dog that lay with his speckled nose half buried in the turf at her feet.

"Luther mounted the steps of the portico, and looking in all directions but where the dog was, whistled for him loudly—perhaps to arrest the attention of the little girl; but her brown eyes looked steadily at the ground; and when the dog, slipping his head from beneath her hand, trotted down the walk, she remained quiet, looking on the ground all the same, only betraying that she felt herself observed by pulling her scanty skirts over her bare feet.

"Luther petted and scolded the dog by turns, but without eliciting any notice from the child; he then took his play-fellow's ear in one hand, and raced up and down the walk, close to her feet, but she, turning slightly aside, picked out the grass, spear by spear, never once lifting her brown eyes.

"She had gone to the gate to meet and welcome him home; he had given her the unceremonious greeting recorded, and no second friendly overture would she make. Luther had found his match: half way down the walk he stopped suddenly, exclaiming, 'Oh, I have found something beautiful; whoever comes for it may have it.' Now, there was no one to come except the child at the gate; but he had not called directly to her,

and she would not go. Luther now sat down on the bank and fixed his grey eyes on the little girl (for he was not used to be so disregarded), but in vain were all his looks of displeasure when she would not see them.

"He was sorry in his heart for what he had said, but he would not openly acknowledge it; and modulating his voice to something like entreaty, he said, 'Come here and see what I have found.'

"It is nothing that belongs to me," the child answered, for the first time lifting up her eyes.

"Encouraged by the mildness of her voice, he added, authoritatively, 'I tell you to come and see.'

"I will not," answered the little girl, tossing the curls from her bare brown shoulders, and returning his gaze.

"Well," said Luther, "if you won't come for it, you shan't have it—that's all;" and he affected to put something in his pocket.

"I don't want what is not mine," she replied.

"But how do you know that it is not yours?"

"Because," said the child, wiping her eyes with her hand, 'I had nothing to lose.'

Luther regarded her more attentively now, and saw that she did not look as if she had much to lose—her dress was faded and outgrown so much, that, try as she would, she could not make the scanty skirt stay over her bare brown feet. One by one the tears fell from her eyes slowly down her cheeks, and with each that fell the boy took a step towards her."

This is a little oval by Gainsborough; a genuine bit of nature, fresh, real, and unsophisticated; a picture to haunt one, like Reynolds's beautiful little "Strawberry Girl," whom we all seem to have known sometime in life, but to whom we cannot give a name, any more than to any other form which expresses our ideal. Myrie, in the opening pages, is one of those ideals; twin sister to the Strawberry-girl—or perhaps that dainty little maid herself translated to the American woods, with wild vine leaves trailing above her head in place of the sturdy English oak. Myrie passes from childhood up to maidenhood and maturity, but she never appears so lovely as when she has her first baby quarrel with Luther, and tries to pull her scanty frock over her bare brown feet. Luther is not quite so consistently worked out. It seems as if the authoress suffered her ruth to overcome her art, and so broke off in the middle of her sketch, and softened down the ugly lines till she made them beautiful like the rest, but slightly inharmonious with their first intention and scarcely symmetrical with the whole design. The passage from a proud, selfish, unfeeling youth to a great and noble manhood, is not shown with sufficient clearness of growth. We have no fine gradations; no imperceptible tones gradually changing the expression without an abrupt record of means; no masterly shadings leading up to the final tint; but all is sudden and positive—a moral and literary kind of hocus pocus, the process of which no one shall understand. Yet the story is exceedingly touching in spite of this little blemish; and is told naturally and unaffectedly, with very few Americanisms to interrupt the flow and remind one of an intervening nationality. The most glaring Yankeeism is "Laurie choked on the tea;" but it comes in appropriately enough, and spoils nothing fine or sentimental. A good racy bit of provincialism, judiciously applied, often helps a lagging page. It is the squeeze of lemon that tones up the sauce.

"The House with Two Front Doors" is another pretty tale, full of cross purposes, and irritating one's nerves dreadfully

against the imbecility of people who will not speak out, and so make an end of all their misunderstandings, but who prefer instead to go maundering and mooning through years of misery, all because they love by looks not words, and suffer themselves to be swayed by accent and emphasis in the room of deeds. If people in story books had ordinary candour or common sense, nay, if they possessed but as much penetration as a Bushman or a Fiji might be supposed to have, novel-writers would come to a sad standstill for material. Again, a sad and singularly beautiful story is that of "Eliza Anderson," who, like Myrie, passes up from childhood to old age, but ends less happily. By weak compliance with her worthless brother George she offends her true lover, Caspar, the schoolmaster; breaks off her engagement with him, and entrenches herself in her pride when he would have soothed away her refusal; at last coming to the bloodless misery detailed in the following chapter:

"Years ago all this happened, and what either party, or both have suffered, only themselves know. The same house, shabbier than it used to be, with the one uncurtained window towards the street, is standing yet. Sometimes in the evening twilight you will see there a plain, pale woman, with grey hair, sewing by the last light. She does not smile, nor look as if she had smiled for many years, or ever would again. Often three bright, laughing children go in at the gate with parcels of sewing, and they climb over her chair and kiss her, and wonder why she is not gay and laughing like their mother; and when they go away they are sure to leave more money than she has earned behind them; they are Caspar's children, and the woman is Eliza Anderson.

"Sometimes you will see there a ragged, wretched man, lame in the right leg, and with one arm off at the elbow—his face has in it a look of habitual suffering, of baffled and purposeless suffering, as if all the world was set against him, and he could not help it; and that is George.

"Sometimes in the night, when all is dark and still, a white-haired man leans over the broken gate, forgetting the white wall of his own garden, and all the roses that are in it, and the pretty children that are smiling in their dreaming; and even the wife, gone to sleep too, in the calm, not to say indifferent confidence, that he will take care of himself, and come home when he gets ready. He leans there a long while thinking, not of what is, but of what might have been, and wondering whether eternity will make whole the broken blessings of time. That is Caspar, to be sure—who else should it be?"

What a poem set in genuine heart-language is this chapter! One needs not to have gone through all the story to comprehend it, for it is complete in itself, and as touching as anything we have ever read. The woman who could write that pathetic page can do much greater things; for it is not given to many to have a deeper insight into the secret tragedies of life than this betrays. "An Old Maid's Story," too, is a sweet and gentle idyll, dealing with the hidden feelings of life rather than with noisy, patent, overbearing facts, and contriving to make an exquisite little poem of these, without incident or excitement to help author or reader. It is a great power that Alice Cary shows; and we hope that she will not exhaust herself too soon, and compress into a few pages the subject, thoughts, and beauties, that would well expand into volumes. Every tale in this book might be selected as evidence of some new beauty or unhackneyed grace. There is nothing feeble, nothing vulgar, and above all, nothing unnatural or melodramatic. To the analytical subtlety and marvellous



naturalness of the French school of romance she has added the purity and idealisation of the home affections and home life belonging to the English: giving to both the American richness of colour and vigour of outline, and her own individual power and loveliness. It is a book which ought to have an immense success; for it is full of force and beauty, and without a tainted page or an equivocal thought throughout. We hope, and venture to predicate for it a warm welcome in England, and a large and appreciative circle of admiring readers.

*An Essay on Classification.* By Louis Agassiz. (Longman & Co., Trübner & Co.)

THE mere statement that this volume contains a summary of the matured views held by a naturalist so distinguished as M. Agassiz on the general principles of zoology, is alone sufficient to establish its claim to the most attentive consideration. These views have already been published in America, as an introduction to a large work now in course of publication, entitled "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States;" and it is a reprint of this introductory portion, thoroughly revised, and completed down to the present time, which constitutes the volume before us. The essay is divided into three great divisions, or chapters. The first and far the largest of these divisions is devoted to Natural Theology, being entirely taken up by an elaborate argument whose object is to prove that all the general facts hitherto ascertained by the most profound study of the organic creation tend to establish the existence of One Supreme Intelligence as the author of all things. The subject of classification is treated of more specially in the second and third divisions; the former containing an account of M. Agassiz's own views on the subject, while the latter gives a brief but exhaustive sketch of other systems of classification. We should have been inclined to invert the order adopted by M. Agassiz, at least so far as to make the first division the third, especially in a work which, as we learn from the preface, is not designed exclusively for scientific readers; for, without a clear knowledge of M. Agassiz's peculiar views on the subject of classification, it is not easy to follow completely the arguments which he derives from them. We should, therefore, recommend the reader to begin with the second and third parts, and to end with the first; and in our notice of the book we shall in great measure adopt our own recommendation.

We must, however, mention first, as the basis of M. Agassiz's views on classification, the deliberate conviction recorded by him in the first section of the first division, that a system of classification is not to be considered merely as the expression of man's understanding of natural objects, but rather as a statement of relations which do really exist between these objects; in fact, as a translation into human language of the Divine thoughts as expressed in nature. This is not the view held by the majority of naturalists, who incline to attribute an actual existence as natural groups only to the lower divisions in their respective systems, confining it to species, or at most extending it to genera; while they regard the higher divisions merely as convenient devices, framed with the view of facilitating the study of innumerable objects, by grouping them in the most suitable manner. According to M. Agassiz, the distinctions on which the

branch, class, order, and other higher divisions are founded, have as real an existence in nature as those which determine the genus or the species. Hence (here we pass into the second chapter), it follows that all the divisions in a system of classification are based upon different categories of character, the determination of which must at once put an end to the confusion of nomenclature which generally prevails among naturalists, who frequently call by different names groups of the same kind and the same extent. This confusion mainly arises from the fact that naturalists consider the difference between these divisions, as depending only upon their extent,—on the *quantity*, not the *quality*, of their characters; the class being regarded as the more comprehensive division, the order as the next in extent, the family as more limited than the order, the genus than the family, the species than the genus. After a long and careful investigation, M. Agassiz has succeeded in determining the different characters on which the different divisions of his system of classification are based. The divisions which he adopts are, beginning with the highest, branches or types, classes, orders, families, genera, and species. The *branch* or *type* (whose existence was first established by Cuvier) depends upon a distinct plan of structure. As many distinct plans of structure as can be traced among animals, so many branches are there and no more. The *class* depends upon the manner in which the plan of the type is carried out; i.e., upon the different combinations of the systems of organs which build up the body of the representatives of each branch, the plan of structure being identical in all classes of the same branch. The *order* is determined by the different degrees of complication of structure within the limits of the classes; the idea of rank or gradation is more definitely implied in this division than in any other. The *family* is determined by form, not mere outline, but form as determined by structure. The *genus* depends upon details of structure; genera differ neither in form, nor in complication of structure, but simply in the ultimate structural peculiarities of some of their parts. The *species* is based upon well determined relations of individuals to the world around them, and to one another; and upon the proportions and relations of their parts to one another, as well as upon their ornamentation. Since the characters which determine the species are so numerous, it will be conceived that the exact limitation of species is no easy matter. The existence of species is not more real than that of the higher divisions. Individuals do not constitute the species, they represent it, possessing specific characteristics, just as they possess the characteristics which determine the higher divisions. Besides the above six divisions, there are other natural divisions which must be acknowledged in a system of classification, e.g., sub-classes, sub-orders, sub-genera, &c., which are in reality only limitations of the divisions above enumerated.

In our opinion it would be difficult to overrate the service, unpretending as it may appear, which M. Agassiz has rendered to zoology in thus defining, for the first time, the limits of each division in the system of classification; for it is the first step towards raising the subject of classification to its true position, and towards ascertaining the systematic relationship which exists among all organised beings. As to the particular

system adopted by M. Agassiz, we cannot do more than allude to it briefly. For all details respecting it we must refer the reader to chap. iii. sect. 1 of the Essay before us. M. Agassiz retains the four types or branches first proposed by Cuvier, being decidedly of opinion that they, and they only, do really express four distinct plans of structure observable among animals. His division of these branches into classes differs materially from that adopted by the elder naturalist. To the Radiata, Mollusca, and Articulata he assigns three classes each; while he divides the Vertebrata into eight classes. The increase in the number of classes belonging to the Vertebrata is the result of his investigation of the class of Fishes, among which he has traced such different developments of structure as to convince him that they really constitute four distinct classes. Accordingly his first four vertebrate classes are Myzontes (comprising the Cyclostoms), Fishes proper, Ganoids, and Selachians (comprising chimeras, sharks, and skates). His last four vertebrate classes are Amphibia, Reptiles, Birds, and Mammals.

In comparing the system of M. Agassiz with other systems of former and present times, it is scarcely necessary to go farther back than to the period of Cuvier. Aristotle and the old philosophers divided animals into two great groups, *Enaima* and *Anaima*, a division corresponding to the *Vertebrata* and *Invertebrata* of Lamarck, the *Flesh* and *Gut-Animals* of Oken, and the *Myeloneura* and *Gangliomeura* of Ehrenberg. The only lower divisions which he recognised were genus and species; nor was there any improvement in this respect until the time of Linnaeus, who divided the animal kingdom into classes, orders, genera, species, and varieties. It was in 1812 that Cuvier proposed what may be called the first anatomical system of classification, based on a careful examination of structure. Up to this time the leading idea among naturalists had been to establish a complete natural series from the lowest Infusoria up to Man. Cuvier denied the existence of any such series, for he found in the animal kingdom four distinct plans of structure, constituting four great types or branches, which do not pass one into the other, the further subdivision of each of which is regulated by comparatively slight modifications, not affecting the original plan. This discovery, says M. Agassiz, is the greatest service that has ever been rendered to zoology; and in fact all improvements in classification that have taken place since Cuvier's time consist in partial re-arrangements of the classes into which the branches are divided, the branches themselves remaining unaltered. Of the other anatomical systems which have been proposed since Cuvier, we may observe that Lamarck's and De Blainville's recur more or less distinctly to the idea of a natural series, which is inconsistent with Cuvier's types; Ehrenberg held that the type of development of animals was the same from the Man to the Monad (a complete negation of Cuvier's principle), and that all animals were equally perfect in their organisation. The systems of Burmeister, Owen, Milne-Edwards, Von Siebold, and Leuckart contain valuable improvements in detail; but they all err in giving up more or less the fundamental idea of plan, and in frequently subordinating it to that of complication, of structure.

While Cuvier was engaged in classifying

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animals according to their structure, a new system of classification arose in Germany, which is known by the somewhat formidable name of the physio-philosophical system, of which Oken and Fitzinger were the principal exponents. The leading idea of this system is that there exists nothing in the animal kingdom which is not represented in higher combinations in man: the whole animal kingdom is, as it were, the analysed body of man, the organs of which live singly, or in various combinations, as independent animals. This principle of course is diametrically opposed to those advocated by Cuvier and Ehrenberg respectively. It is not necessary to do more than allude to the fanciful circular classification of M'Leay, which M. Agassiz includes in this section.

The study of embryology, or the laws of the growth and development of animals, which has within a recent period assumed the rank of a distinct science, has led to the formation of yet a third set of systems of classification, which may be called the embryological systems. We are indebted to O. E. von Baer for the most valuable investigations in this branch of science. The results of observation have proved that the more highly organised animal, in the course of its gradual development from the egg to the full-grown animal, passes, in all that is essential, through all the less highly organised forms which are below it in the series; so that the development of each animal follows the same laws as that of the development of the series. Von Baer found that this law was true only within certain limits: that there are four distinct types of development in the animal kingdom; and that a highly organised animal only passes through such lower forms as belong to the same type with itself, — never through any lower forms belonging to other types. These four types he takes as the basis of his system of classification. They are the *Periphere*, the *Longitudinal*, the *Massive*, and the *Vertebrate*: and they correspond to Cuvier's *Radiata*, *Articulata*, *Mollusca*, and *Vertebrata*, respectively. The singular coincidence in the results arrived at by Cuvier and Von Baer, compared with the entire difference in the points of view from which they treated their subject, — the former looking chiefly to the structure, the latter to the mode of development of animals, — is a strong ground, says M. Agassiz, for "confidence in the opinion which they both advocate, that the animal kingdom exhibits four primary divisions, the representatives of which are organised upon four different plans of structure, and grow up according to four different modes of development." The embryological systems of Van Beneden, Kölliker, and Vogt are inferior in value to those of Von Baer, being based on less fundamental principles.

The system of classification adopted by M. Agassiz is in the main an anatomical one; but he considers structure alone as too narrow a foundation on which to base a system. In his own words, "Animals are linked together as closely by their mode of development, by their relative standing in their respective classes, by the order in which they have made their appearance upon earth, by their geographical distribution, and generally by their connection with the world in which they live, as by their anatomy. All these relations should, therefore, be fully expressed in a natural classification; and, though structure furnishes the most direct indication of some of these relations, always appreciable under every circumstance, other

considerations should not be neglected, which may complete our insight into the general plan of creation." This quotation furnishes not only a statement of the considerations which should be included in a philosophical classification, but also the reason which induced M. Agassiz to occupy so large a part of an "Essay on Classification," with the arguments to which the first chapter is devoted. This chapter may be regarded as an attempt to gain insight into the general plan of creation. The conclusion arrived at is that organised beings could not have been produced by physical causes, but must have required the agency of an intelligent Creator. Though the majority of our readers will probably think that this is a position which does not require so elaborate a confirmation, yet this chapter contains M. Agassiz's views on so many questions of the highest interest, that, on this ground alone, it will well repay an attentive perusal. Not the least interesting of these questions is that of the progressive development of organised beings in successive geological periods. The original development theory which held that a regular succession could be traced from the earliest periods, when only the lowest animals existed, to the latest, when man crowned the series, is, according to him, quite untenable. There is distinct evidence of the existence of not only the four great types, but also of most of the classes of these types, even in the oldest geological formations. When we come to orders, however, a distinct gradation is perceptible, the higher orders being confined to the later periods. In the case of species, the difference between different periods is still more marked, so much so that M. Agassiz is inclined to doubt whether identity between a living and a fossil species has ever been established; the instances in which such identity is still asserted being confined to cases in which the determination of the specific limits is a very difficult matter. M. Agassiz holds that there must have been a distinct creation of organised beings for each geological period, and that a large number of the representatives of each group were created at once; for he utterly repudiates the notion that even a species could ever have been propagated from a single pair. Not only is there a parallelism between the geological succession of animals and their present relative position, but also between their geological succession and the embryonic growth of their living representatives — an interesting extension of the embryological law already mentioned. Though, therefore, there has been, strictly speaking, no development, still a graduated ascension from lower to higher forms is distinctly traceable through the successive geological periods; and the creation of man has now furnished the highest term of the series, beyond which no material progress is possible in accordance with the plan on which the whole animal kingdom is constructed.

The importance of the study of embryonic development as a branch of zoology is frequently insisted on by M. Agassiz in different parts of his Essay. He points out especially that it is a mistake to suppose that the characters which distinguish the different groups in each branch of the animal kingdom are developed in the embryo in the successive order of their importance; first, the character which determines the branch; then those of the class, then those of the order, then those of the family, then those of the genus, and finally those of the species.

Since the discovery — characterised by M. Agassiz as "the greatest discovery in natural science of modern times" — that all animals without exception are produced from an individual egg or germ, it is plain that individualisation is the first condition of reproduction. As eggs, animals do not differ from each other; but the first characteristic features that are developed are those which distinguish the branch. Next come the class characters; but those of the family are frequently developed before those of the order, since the form is distinctly marked before the complications of structure are perceptible. Nay, even specific characters, so far as they depend upon the proportions of parts, may often be recognised long before the ordinal characters. The generic characters are scarcely ever developed before the specific features are at least fully sketched out: for the proportions of parts, which constitute a specific character, are recognisable before the ultimate structural peculiarities which characterise the genus.

Those who are specially interested in zoological studies will find in the name of M. Agassiz a recommendation far stronger than any which our opinion can offer; but we hope we have said enough to direct the attention of the general reader also to this very remarkable Essay. It will fully sustain the world-wide reputation of its author. The general usefulness of the book would be much increased by the addition of an analytical table of contents: a want which we hope we may see supplied in a future edition.

*The Flirting Page, a Legend of Normandy; and other Poems.* By Charles Dranfield and George Denham Halifax. (James Blackwood.)

WHETHER the Preface to this volume be literally true, or only a more artful way of deprecating criticism than is commonly used by those who deprecate it, we cannot determine. The writer thereof informs us that this publication is the result of a promise exacted under the mistletoe, when the process which that mystic plant is allowed to sanction had placed him in a position in which he could refuse nothing:

So then those rhymings,  
Typographed now,  
Fulfil the promise  
Under the bough;  
And if the venture  
Strikes you as rash,  
Blame not the writers,  
But blame Ellen —

The fulfilment of a pledge exacted under these circumstances is entitled to the favourable judgment of all men under thirty, and to the lenient consideration of all men who are above it. How far it is legitimate to interfere with the literary fiction that an editor, like a king, never dies; and that the editorial "we" is indicative of an existence coeval with the publication where it appears, we will not say; but we shall, on the present occasion, leave our readers to find out for themselves under which of the above categories the present critic must be placed.

The two gentlemen who have combined to publish these poems do not seem to have been actuated by any common idea of poetry, or similarity of mind. In fact it would be difficult to find a better contrast than is presented by their several productions. Mr. Dranfield is sprightly and spirited; Mr. Halifax is sombre and thoughtful — Mr. Dranfield is dashing, Mr. Halifax is deliberate. The one in fact is essentially lyrical, the other is rather accidentally so. The one is

more of the song-writer, the other of the sonneteer. The one is the minstrel throwing into verse the passions and feelings of the moment; the other the philosophic observer choosing the same form in which to cast the results of meditation, rather as an intellectual exercise than because it is impossible they could be expressed in any other. Hence it arises—though the remark may at first sound rather paradoxical—that the former has the most originality, and the latter the most power. To illustrate our meaning, Mr. Dranfield sings more like a bird, and Mr. Halifax more like a man.

Of the "Flirting Page" we can say no more than that it is a clever imitation of the Ingoldsby Legends. But of some of Mr. Dranfield's battle-pieces we can say a great deal more. The three best are "Hindustan," "New Year's Eve," and "Passed Away," which we think are really very good. We give some extracts from the two first:

To arms! to arms! once more the cry rolls round our island world;  
To arms! to arms! once more we wave the flag so lately furled;  
The temple gates were scarcely closed, the sword had yet its stain,  
When, rudely shook, the glass of time ran crimson sands again.  
No despot on his polar throne now throws the challenge down,  
The breath of battle on his lips, the blood upon his crown;  
The sun-god dies a ruddier death, the moon sheds warmer light,  
Where under mosque and minaret the turbaned traitors fight.

These are fine lines. Again:

The Old Year goes away from us with triumph in his tread,—  
With glory from the battle-field, and sorrow for the dead;  
With days and deeds to England dear, emblazoned on his scroll,  
And many a name of mighty fame to swell the hero-roll.  
The New Year dawns on armed men asleep beside their fires,  
And listening, in their dreams of home, to bells from village spires—  
To voices of beloved ones, who to-night with tears will pray  
That God may bring their darlings back before next New Year's Day.  
And then they seek the vacant place—the picture on the wall—  
The bright and boyish face that smiles so proudly on them all—  
And far away their thoughts are gone, beyond the winter wave,  
To where that face lies sleeping in its quiet hill-side grave.  
Those bells that in the deep of night the orphan children hear—  
Those solemn bells that celebrate the vespers of the year;  
We pray, as through the rushing wind we hear their requiem cease,  
That when we keep this eve again the world may be at peace.

We should add that a very pretty translation of the 9th ode of the third book of Horace, worthy to be placed alongside Lord Derby's or Mr. Gladstone's, concludes Mr. Dranfield's portion of the volume.

As specimens of Mr. Halifax's style we select some stanzas from one of a series of poems called "Love's Phases":

These dreams, that stir our youthful blood  
With thoughts of something great and good  
To which we've vainly striven,  
Transfiguring human to divine,  
And making earthly objects shine  
With colours drawn from heaven,—  
Are they indeed but vainly sent,  
Like hues by morning sunshine lent  
To peaks of Alpine snow,  
That rich but transient splendour cast,  
And tinge th' inhospitable waste  
With rosy-reddening glow?

He then proceeds to say of middle life:

O'er flowers, that round our footsteps cling,  
Time spreads his dark deep-shadowing wing,  
And intercepts the sun;  
Onward we press; their hues grow pale,  
Their odours faint, their tendrils frail—  
Their little day is done.

Th' unceasing wheels whereon the world  
Through time and space is swiftly hurled  
Relentless ever move;  
Borne on the iron car of Fate,  
We learn to conquer and be great,  
But we forget to love.—

The tree, for every storm that rives  
The tossing boughs, more firmly drives  
Its anchoring roots below;  
And wildflowers, nestling in the dell,  
And birds with flagging pinions, well  
Those sheltering branches know.  
Water'd with tears, that stem shall rise  
With fuller fruitage to the skies,  
Though Life's fresh bloom be gone;  
For keener insight thence shall grow,  
And Pity for another's woe,  
And strength to meet our own.

We need not point out to our readers the influence that must have been exercised by Gray and Tennyson over the mind that produced these lines. But they contain some fine strong thoughts, some happy imagery, and some pleasing cadences, which we should have been sorry to have missed.

*The Dean; or, the Popular Preacher.* By Berkeley Aikin, Author of "Anne Sherwood." (Saunders & Otley.)

THERE is enough of what is probable and striking in this book to entice the reader on from chapter to chapter, in spite of many resolutions to the contrary, until he has reached the end of the third volume. But there is more than enough of the absurd and untrue—say, generally, of the melodramatic—to make one wonder how that goal was ever reached. The "Dean" was born in an Irish cabin, a poor and penniless lad enough, but with quick parts, a handsome face and figure, and a world of unscrupulous ambition lying as yet undiscovered within him. His relations are suddenly astounded, and utterly thrown off their balance, by a legacy of four hundred pounds. With this money young Pat successfully makes off, having first set fire to the cabin, and leaving his friends under the impression that both he and the gold have become pulverised among the ruins. He wins unheard-of honours at College, and, after a tolerably long career of poor-parsonhood, during which he marries for love and mortally offends a rich widow who had views upon him for herself, turns up as minister of a large and popular London chapel, and as husband to the Dowager Countess of Romford. The wife that had been married for love was, of course, by this time no more; but she had left a family of sons and daughters, who contribute not a little to the successful carrying out of the story. Soon after the "alliance" between Lady Romford and the Rev. Mr. O'Moore (for that was the adventurer's assumed name), the latter obtained, singular to relate, a Deanery and three livings. These, added to the Countess's annual and unfettered twelve thousand pounds, would seem to have been sufficient to allow of a man's making a very considerable figure in the highest society, and still spending within his income. Yet it is a money crisis in the Dean's affairs that forms the main point in the *dénouement*. At any rate it makes it seem more natural that the Dean should die,—which he does otherwise in the most abrupt and uncalled-for manner, and, as it should seem, solely because he must not think of surviving the last page of the third volume. But here chiefly appears the incredible ingenuity of the author. Did not his hero begin life with a money fraud? Then an admirable unity will be preserved by making him end it with a similar failing, provided only there be a proper increase in

the amount appropriated. It was four hundred pounds that young Pat stole from the burning thatch; it is nine thousand that the elderly Dean abstracts from charity-moneys entrusted to his care. He still preaches popularly as ever, with commanding aspect and irresistible eloquence; but a few days more, and all will be discovered; the money will become due, and the orator's fame blasted for ever. At this appalling crisis he is rescued from infamy by a very remarkable young lady, who has just had the appropriate sum of ten thousand pounds bequeathed to her, and who turns out to be the Dean's own niece, the daughter of his ancient friend and playmate long years before. She is obviously transferred to the closer relationship of daughter-in-law, and the Dean—after one tremendous farewell discourse—abdicates his ministerial sceptre in favour of the next popular preacher, goes abroad for a few weeks on charitable visits to the Irish poor in London, and then dies.

Of the subordinate figures in the author's *groupe* we have no room to speak at length. But it must be conceded, and we cheerfully concede it, that the Dean's eldest son, John, who is a good sensible young Broad Churchman, and who finally marries the remarkable young lady, presents in every respect a happy contrast to the monstrous and exaggerated portrait of his father, who was of course an "Evangelical." The fact admits of an easy explanation. Mr. Aikin tells us in so many words that he once heard some one tell a story about an Irish lad who stole money and had a career in England, and that it is "as well to state" that this was the foundation of his own narrative. Precisely: nothing could be plainer. The author never saw such a man as his "Dean," never even thought out such a character in his mind. He divined that the story about the fraudulent and successful lad would make a capital thread for a three volume novel, and he accordingly set up the "Dean"—a staring unreality, to be to him a lay-figure decked out with what drapery he happened to have on hand. Some of that drapery was homespun, and all the better for it. In other words, he has really seen and known the Dean's son John, and gives us a very able and life-like picture of him. Incidentally, in a conversation between him and a dissenting friend of his, there occurs a masterly and severe critique of Mr. Spurgeon's preaching. Nor is this a solitary instance of an acuteness and vigour which may achieve at some future time a worthier result. In the meantime, as Mr. Aikin is a devoted worshipper of Mr. Kingsley's earlier period, let us recommend him to study "Two Years Ago" rather more, and "Alton Locke" rather less; also to spell "Eutopia" without the "E," and to attend to the orthography of a few other words. And, finally, not to misquote Tennyson or any other poet, but especially not Tennyson, who never tolerates a "trivial phrase, nor a tuneless line." The laureate never wrote:

Her manners had not that repose,  
That stamps the class of *Vere de Vere*.

And the man who supposes that he did, and quotes him accordingly, has a very great deal yet to learn concerning the nature of genuine poetry.

*Our Farm of Four Acres, and the Money we Made by It.* (Chapman & Hall.)

We have seen this little volume compared to a prose Georgic, and the comparison is very



just. It contains a series of practical precepts upon the subject of which it treats,—derived from personal experience, expressed with great clearness, and in an easy and straightforward style. After reading it through, we begin to see a new force in the well-known dictum of Virgil:

*Laudato ingentia rura  
Exiguam colito;*

and certainly the authoress has described her own experience in such tempting colours that we have no doubt the verdict of all her readers will be the reverse of the charity-boy's after he had achieved the alphabet, and that they will readily admit her success to have been cheaply purchased.

There are three points placed, if not quite beyond dispute, at least very nearly so, by the volume in question. The first is, that it is possible for people to take to rural occupations who have not been bred to them, and to make them answer from the beginning, by the exercise of a little common sense and independent inquiry. The second, that ladies may accomplish this. The third, that ladies who have spent most of their lives in London may accomplish it. The two latter we look upon as the points most important. For as to the management of live stock, such as a couple of cows, a pig or two, poultry, pigeons, and the like, there is really no great mystery in the matter; and the almost invariable cause of failure is either unwillingness or inability to exercise the requisite supervision over the servants to whom they are intrusted. Many ladies do not find it agreeable to trudge across a dirty yard, to climb up into lofts, or poke into hedge bottoms to look after their hens' eggs. Yet if they do not, they will lose a third of them. Equally unpleasant to many people is the task of turning out on a raw winter's afternoon to see the pigs fed. Yet if this is not done, half the wash and barley-meal is sold in the neighbouring town or village, unless the *factotum* keep a pig himself, which is then usually observed to fatten with great rapidity. It is seldom gentlemen in the country have time to attend to these things, and hence the origin of the prevalent opinion on the subject. Clergymen's wives, or any other ladies who may happen to have facilities for trying the thing on the same scale as our present authoress, are generally, we suspect, all of one opinion—that of course it is "very nice" to keep one's own cows, pigs, and poultry, and that their presence about a country house lends a vast additional charm to it, yet that in a pecuniary sense they are barely worth the trouble.

We have to congratulate our two lady experimentalists on forming an exception to this rule. There can, as we have said, be no doubt about the profit of either cows, pigs, or poultry, whether on a small scale or a large one, or otherwise the poor would not keep them as they do. The difficulty arises in the case of people who dislike the inconvenience of attending to them personally, and at the same time do not feel it worth, while to pay a really superior servant to relieve them of the trouble. This difficulty however these ladies have surmounted, or appear to have done. But in a second edition we should be glad to know their experience on this point, as it really underlies the whole question; and is nine times out of ten the cause of all those disasters which are imputed to ignorance or inexperience.

The account here given of butter-making is a good sample of the thoroughly energetic

spirit in which these ladies went to work, while the total inutility of the ordinary manuals on the subject, being only a specimen of their general inadequacy for all practical purposes, is described with humour. After their head servant had observed decisively "that there was quite enough muck in the house already," they resolved upon making the attempt in person:

"We accordingly devoted the remainder of the day to consulting the various books on domestic and rural economy we had collected together previous to leaving London. Greatly puzzled we were by them. On referring to the subject of butter-making, one authority said, 'you must never wash the butter, but only knock it on a board, in order to get the butter-milk from it.' Another only told us to 'well cleanse the butter-milk from it,' without giving us an idea how the process was to be accomplished; while the far-famed Mrs. Rundle, in an article headed 'Dairy,' tells the dairy-maid to 'keep a book in which to enter the amount of butter she makes,' and gives but little idea how the said butter is to be procured. Another authority said, 'after the butter is come, cut it in pieces to take out the cow-hairs'; this appeared to us the oddest direction of all, for surely it was possible to remove them from the cream before it was put into the churn. We were very much dissatisfied with the amount of practical knowledge we gleaned from our books; they seemed to us written for the benefit of those who already were well acquainted with the management of a dairy, and consequently of very little service to those who wished to acquire the rudiments of the art of butter-making."

After various disappointments they worked their way to a satisfactory result, *viam sibi repperit usus*; and an excellent chapter is devoted to the art of butter-making for the benefit of persons placed in a similar situation to themselves. We say excellent, from the practical character of the rules, and the clearness with which they are enunciated; of their adaptation to the end we will not speak with any confidence, lest we impair the value of our other encomiums. The profit on their two cows from July to January was 15*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.*

Pigs, poultry, and pigeons answered equally well; and the only loss experienced was in the article of rabbits. Although, however, there is little more difficulty in keeping rabbits alive than chickens, we may relieve the author's mind by stating our opinion that small profit is ever made by them as an article of consumption. The parti-coloured rabbits which she sees in the poulterers' shops are not always tame rabbits, and even when they are, are more likely to be the refuse of some fancy stock than animals bred expressly for the table. Rabbits give a great deal of trouble. They require feeding three times a day with small quantities of food each time. The food should be oats, carrots, fresh crisp greens, and sweet hay, and their hutches require to be thoroughly cleaned out at least twice a week. If all these points are not attended to, the rabbits inevitably sicken; and if they are attended to, the trouble and expense is greater than they will ever repay, either roasted, boiled, or baked.

The entire profits of the Four-acre Farm during the above-mentioned six months was 29*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.* If the book had succeeded in showing only thus much, that a couple of ladies wholly unused to such occupation, could suddenly set up a dairy, a piggery, a poultry yard, and a dovecot, and enjoy all the luxuries they supply, simply at the price which they would cost if purchased, it would have been entitled to the gratitude and

applause of the public. But as pointing out a way in which luxuries may be absolutely lucrative, without involving any unduly masculine habits, it is a perfect godsend to all small country establishments, and as such we recommend it most warmly to all provincial booksellers, and to all village housekeepers.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*Ethel Woodville: or, Woman's Ministry.* A Tale for the Times. (Hatchard.) "Ethel Woodville" is a clever story, and to persons who are not repelled by the copious infusion of the dogmatic religious element, we can recommend it as being considerably above the common level of its kind. But we cannot suppress our decided protest against the monstrous scheme so common in this class of books, the object of which is to blend things that are heterogeneous and mutually abhorrent. What can Amy and 'Gus have to do with the discussion of Justification and Assurance? A tacit and unquestioning presupposition of certain dogmas is perfectly compatible with the highest art; but the discussion or the inculcation of them is to novel-writing what it is to poetry, the complete destruction of all claim to artistic excellence.

*The Exiles of the Cebenna.* A Journal written during the Decian Persecution, by Aurelius Gracianus. (J. H. Parker.) This is the second number of Mr. Parker's Historical Tales. The design is admirable, and it would be hard to overpraise the execution. The scene is, in this instance, laid in the time of the great Decian Persecution, when all restrictive edicts were repealed, and state influence was regularly and energetically enlisted on the side of popular fanaticism. We have never yet seen so truthful and graphic a conception of the reality of violent persecution, when (to use the words of Chrysostom) "the gain was felt by hope only, but the pain was actually there: when the furnace, and oven, and sword, were present not in fear only, but in real agony."

*Occasional Papers on University and School Matters, together with full information as to the Local Examinations and recent University Changes.* No. II. (Macmillan.) This pamphlet is the second of a very serviceable series. Practised writers and tried university reformers in the University of Cambridge, men like the Mayors, the Babingtons, Mr. Ellicott, Mr. Swainson, and Mr. Latham, are just the persons best qualified to speak at a time when both the elder seats of learning have become so thoroughly aroused to the discharge of their highest functions. We have papers here on the practicability, more or less, of various schemes worth thinking about, such as the establishment of a training school in theology, and of a separate school of practical science. This latter essay comes from the pen of Mr. Latham, and throws much light upon a subject, the importance of which can hardly be too strongly stated. The essays are six in number, and the seventh section of the pamphlet is devoted to university intelligence, of which a very useful compendium is furnished.

#### SMALL VOLUMES OF POETRY.

*A Volume of Smoke in Two Puffs; with Stray Whiffs from the same Pipe.* (Hall, Virtue, & Co.) This volume is not unaptly named; and as, in a slight production, an appropriate title is a great merit, we may be satisfied in the present case, even though the volume presents very little beside. Yet the author has talents which, if he chose to cultivate them, might render him eminent.

*Lorain, and other Poems.* By George T. Coster. (Kent & Co.) Here we have a second stage of preparation; more care, and more success, but inferior power. The performance is fair, but the promise is not great.

*Glendalloch and other Poems.* By the late Dr. Drennan. Second Edition, with Additional Verses by his sons. (Dublin: Robertson.) Dr. Drennan was really a poet, though a somewhat careless one. We cannot now enter into the spirit of what in Dr. Drennan's time was called



patriotism, but we acknowledge the merit and fervour of his verse. It is a pity there are not more classical translations in the volume; the following has all the passion of the original:

#### DEATH OF ADONIS, FROM BION.

Ah! see the beautiful Adonis, lying  
Outstretch'd on mountain-top, and dying—dying!  
Gored in the thigh by that accursed Boar,  
With tusk not whiter than the skin it tore;  
Ah! see the blood in purple streams fast-flowing,  
Adown the snowy skin in gushes going;  
Ah! see his manly breast with pain upheaving,  
And life in short quick pants just leaving—leaving!  
Ah! see the rose upon his lips now fading,  
And his dim eyes the clouds of death pervading.  
Mournful and mute his comrades stand before him,  
And Venus, Venus, hovers madly o'er him.  
Warm kisses now she gives, as life inspiring,  
Then tremulous and weak, the kiss itself expiring,  
She feels the kiss to his cold cheek applying,  
Unknown, unfelt, by poor Adonis dying.  
With arms high-arch'd she stood, at first astounded,  
Then shriek'd aloud, as though herself were wounded;  
Stay, dear Adonis, 'tis thy Venus holds thee,  
Venus, who in her arms thus longingly enfolds thee,  
Take, my Adonis, take this last embracing,  
Let our lips mix in softest interlacing!  
Alas, thou fleest me, fast and far descending,  
To mix, a shade, with shadows never ending.  
Ah, could I yield thee my divinity,  
Then thou wouldst stay, or I might follow thee.  
Take him, Persephone, he is thine own;  
How will the beauteous youth adorn thy throne!  
All that is beautiful devolves to thee,  
All that is wretched now remains with me;  
Far, far superior is thy power to mine,  
Oh! were I mortal more, or more divine;  
Adonis dead, now love is but a name;  
Beauty, illusion; and desire, a dream.

#### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE public attention is so engrossed at the present time by the two especial topics of the day—the war and the elections,—that we have comparatively little either to record or to criticise. Literature is of course suffering as it always does in similar periods; and we shall find fewer books published, and probably those few will be of smaller importance than usual; yet the stream is not altogether stagnant. The Laureate will soon present us with his "Idylls of the King;" it is already in the printers' hands, and will shortly be published by Messrs. Moxon. A poem by Tennyson is sufficient to reconcile us to a dearth of more commonplace productions. Messrs. Smith & Elder announce a volume of Shelley Memorials, by the present Lady Shelley, the wife of the poet's son. It is probable that the result of this publication will be greatly to modify the views which have been hitherto entertained concerning the religious views, as well as the general conduct of Shelley. It is rather remarkable that an "Essay on Christianity" should form a part of the forthcoming volume.

Miss Martineau will present us with an "Essay on England and her Soldiers," and will demonstrate the disastrous consequences of too much red tape. A more remarkable volume will probably be that of Dr. Charles Mackay on America. The opinions of such a man on American liberty will be worth recording.

The Camden Society has had its annual meeting. Its report is most satisfactory, and it calls on the public for renewed aid and continued confidence, both which it well deserves. It promises, among other interesting relics of the past—"The Journals of Richard Symonds, an officer in the Royal Army, temp. Charles I." Edited by Charles Edward Long, Esq., M.A. "Narratives of the Days of the Reformation, and the Contemporary Biographies of Archbishop Cranmer." Selected from the Papers of John Fox the Martyrologist. Edited by John Gough Nichols, Esq., F.S.A. "Surrender Papers." From the originals in the possession of Sir Edward Dering, Bart. Edited by the Rev. Lambert B. Larking, M.A. "Letters of George, Lord Carew, afterwards Earl of Totnes, to Sir Thomas Roe." Edited by John Maclean, Esq., F.S.A. The following have recently been added to the List of Suggested Publications:—

I. "A Selection from the Case-Book of Sir Theodore Meynart, illustrative of the Personal Characteristics, Habits, Peculiarities, &c., of almost all the Historical Celebrities of the reigns of James I. and Charles I." To be edited, with translations where required, by Vincent Sternberg, Esq.

II. "Privy Purse Expenses of King William III." To be edited by J. Y. Akerman, Esq., Sec. S.A.

III. "An Historical Narrative of the two Houses of Parliament, and either of them, their Committees and Agents, violent Proceedings against Sir Roger Twyden." From the original in the possession of the Rev. Lambert B. Larking.

IV. "Narrative of the Services of M. Dumont Bostaquet in Ireland." To be edited by the Rev. James Henthorn Todd, D.D.

V. "The Correspondence of Sir Robert Cotton, from the Cottonian MS. Julius C. iii." To be edited by the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, M.A.

VI. "The Household Book of William, Lord Howard, 'Delect Will.'" To be edited by James Crosby, Esq., F.S.A.

VII. "A Diary of Mr. Henry Townsend, of Elmley Court, co. Worcester, for the years 1640-42, 1656-61." From the original MS. in the possession of Sir T. Phillips, Bart. To be edited by Mrs. Everett Green.

VIII. "Sir Sackville Crowe's Account of the Privy Purse Expenses of the Duke of Buckingham." To be edited by John Forster, Esq.

IX. "A Register of the Priory of St. Mary, Worcester, containing an account of the Lands and Possessions of the Church in the early part of the Thirteenth Century." To be edited by the Ven. Archdeacon Hale.

The death of the Bishop of Bangor has brought forward the names of a number of clergymen as the probable successors to the vacant see. It is said that the choice of Lord Derby has fallen upon the Rev. Richard Bonnor Maurice Bonnor, M.A., of Christ Church, Oxford, canon of St. Asaph, and vicar of Ruabon, near Wrexham. The rev. gentleman graduated at Oxford in 1825, when he was second class in mathematics, and third class in classics. In 1827, he was ordained by the late Dr. Luxmoore, and, after serving some minor offices in the Church, he was presented by Dr. Carey, bishop of St. Asaph, to the vicarage of Ruabon, which he has held up to the present time. The rev. gentleman is said to owe his elevation to the influence of Mr. Gladstone, whose brother-in-law, Sir Stephen Glynne, is Lord Lieutenant of Flintshire. The remains of the late Bishop were interred on Wednesday morning in the churchyard of Llandegai, near Bangor. The pall was surmounted by a massive silver mitre. The plate on the coffin lid bore the inscription:—"Christopher Bethell, D.D., for twenty-eight years Bishop of Bangor, died April 19, 1859, aged 86."

We are told that two of the satellites of Jupiter have lately been discerned with the naked eye. It is said that this has occurred before; but it is at all events an occurrence of the utmost rarity, and must have probably been caused by a peculiar state of the atmosphere.

Scotland has sustained a loss by the death of Principal Lee, which took place at his residence, in the College of Edinburgh, on Monday last. "The late principal (says the *Courant*) was born about 1780, in a village on the Gala Water. He was for a time under the celebrated Dr. Leyden, and afterwards passed to the University of Edinburgh, where he took a degree in medicine. Subsequently, however, he entered the church, his first charge being a Scotch church in London. His next preferment was to Peebles, where he resided for four years; and, thus early rising to some degree of eminence, he was in 1812 elected to the chair of Church History in the University of St. Andrews." Dr. Lee, besides other appointments, afterwards successively filled the charges of the Canon Gate, Lady Yester's, and the Old Church in this city, until, in 1840, he was elected by the Town Council to the high office of Principal of the University. In 1844, he was elected to the chair of Divinity in the University, which he held in conjunction with the principalship. Principal Lee was one of the deans of the Chapel Royal, and a fellow of the Royal Society.

M. Legouvé, of the French Academy, has written a letter to the *Siecle*, recommending a subscription to be raised for the purpose of enabling Italians in Paris to proceed to the seat of war and take part in the military operations. After dwelling on the advantage of that course, the writer says:—"I will leave antiquity out of the question, and speak only of modern times. Is it not a striking spectacle to see Italy always give the signal to the world, always open the way for great things? The first modern epic poet is an Italian—Dante; the first lyric poet is an Italian—Petrarch; the

first poet of chivalry is an Italian—Ariosto; the first modern novelist is an Italian—Boccaccio; the first painter in the world is an Italian—Raphael; the first statuary is an Italian—Michael Angelo; the first vigorous statesman and historian of the revival is an Italian—Machiavelli; the first philosophical historian is an Italian—Nico; the discoverer of the New World is an Italian—Christopher Columbus; and the first demonstrator of the laws of the heavenly world is an Italian—Galileo. You will find a son of Italy standing on every step of the temple of genius ever since the twelfth century. Then, in times nearer to our own, while all other nations are working at the continuation of this immortal gallery, Italy from time to time collects her strength and presents to the world a colossus surpassing all. Now, even now, the greatest of living artists—the only one, perhaps, who deserves solely as an artist, the title of a great man—is he not an Italian?—Rossini! And lastly, was he not also a son of Italy—that giant who towered above the whole century, and covered all around him with his light or his shade—Napoleon! In fact, it would seem that when Providence wants a guide or a leader for humanity, it strikes this favoured soil, and a great man springs forth." The writer concludes by declaring that he wishes his name to be put down for 1000*l*. This passage is remarkable for its liberality as coming from a Frenchman. The French generally claim the first place for themselves.

At the Council Meeting of the Genealogical and Historical Society held on Tuesday last, the Earl of Ellesmere, the President, invited the Society to hold its Annual General Meeting at Bridge-water House, when the splendid picture galleries and statue court will be thrown open. This Society is one of great importance. Few historical students of the present day are unaware of the great services which it has rendered to history and archaeology; and every year adds at once to the extent and the value of its researches.

We have this week to record the death of Mr. E. V. Rippingille, the artist, who expired suddenly on the 22nd of April, of disease of the heart, at Swan Village, Staffordshire, aged 70. Mr. Rippingille began his career by painting works of a serio-comic character, of which the most celebrated was his "Country Post Office,"—something in range between those of Edward Bird and the early works of Mulready. Afterwards he went to Italy, changed his style, and took to delineating Italian peasant life, banditti, &c., and subsequently turned to "high-art" themes. On the whole, he was happiest in his Italian subjects; but all through his life his genius never seemed to have fair play. He was one of the competitors at the Cartoon trial of the Fine Arts Commissioners, 1843, and he obtained one of the ten extra prizes of 100*l*. Mr. Rippingille had a good deal of experience as a teacher, and made one or two attempts to establish an academy for the instruction of amateurs in the higher branches of drawing and painting. He also laboured with his pen to diffuse what he believed to be sound principles in art. In 1843 he started the *Artists and Amateurs' Magazine*; but it failed of success, and was brought to a close at the end of the first volume. He, however, continued occasionally to write, and in the *Art Journal* for the present month, appears the second of a series of papers, entitled "Personal Recollections of Great Artists."

The pictures of David Cox have been removed from the German Gallery, Bond Street, to the French Gallery, Pall Mall, where they are placed in two upper rooms, but are seen to much less advantage than at their former locality. To the collection of French pictures there have just been added six or eight new works by Troyon and some other artists of note.

The City Gallery, Cornhill, has this week been re-opened by Mr. Flatou, with a new collection of paintings, chiefly by living British artists, and among them will be found several very excellent works: when the pressure on our art columns is somewhat abated we may take an opportunity of noticing some of them.

On Tuesday evening, the Fourth Conversation of the Society of the Fine Arts, was held at the Portland Gallery, when an address was delivered by Mr. Heraud; the paintings of the Institution of the Fine Arts which occupy the walls of the gallery, affording ample matter for conversation during the rest of the evening.

The Fourth and last of the season of the Artists and Amateurs' Conversazioni was held on Thursday evening at Willis's Rooms, the attendance being as abundant, the drawings and paintings as attractive, and the whole as pleasant as usual.

At the South Kensington Museum, on the same evening, Thursday, was held the Soirée of the Microscopical Society, when some 3000 persons were, it is said, present; but the entire Museum being thrown open, little if any inconvenience was experienced. Great efforts had been made to secure an extensive display of microscopes and microscopic objects, and the whole passed off with great éclat.

We may remind our literary friends that the Reading Room of the British Museum will re-open on Monday next, and that it will then continue open daily from 9 to 6. The Museum itself will, from Monday next, be open to the public on the usual days from 10 to 6.

# FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 4th May.

ONE thing I can assure you of, and it is no slight matter, nor one for which anybody was prepared: this dumb country has been, within these few days, very near to finding a voice—the tribune has been within an ace of resurrection in France. You hear nothing of all this on your side of the water, nor, to say truth, do we hear much of it here; but it nevertheless is, and that, as times go, is a "great fact." The "spectacle" of the moment more interesting than the races, or Tamberlik, or even the *Pardon de Ploërmel*, has been the discussion in the Legislative Chamber. It is true, that when you impart this truth to the lazy, lounging *habitués* of the Italiens, or of the Opera Comique, or of the Bois de Boulogne, they stare at you with eyes and mouth open, and languidly drone forth, "*Ah, bah!*" But it is true, that mockery of a representative assembly, veiled the *Corps Legislatif*, has actually within these few days given signs of life. If a living man were to expect to be applauded, or thought strong because he could walk across the room, he might well be turned into ridicule by the bystanders; but if a corpse move its little finger only, it is evidently a monster-fact, forasmuch as it proves there is no corpse, but a human being entranced, who may at some future period "get up and walk." Well, what would in any live country pass unnoticed, is equivalent here to the moving of its little finger by a corpse. The dead body showed last week that it was not dead, but only entranced, the suspicions, doubts, regrets, apprehensions of angry, oppressed, gagged, crippled France, found a voice, and the men who receive the pay of Napoleon III., for being subservient to his will, were led away by their consciences; and by the enthusiasm with which they involuntarily welcomed the truth, they betrayed the interests of their master.

I have before me a *fac-simile* of M. Emile Olivier's speech, which the *Moniteur* has of course not been able to print, but which produced a deep sensation. M. Emile Olivier is a young man of twenty-six or seven; the hope of the Republican party, but not a Red or a Demagogue. Of course, he is opposed to anything in the shape of the treaties of 1815; therefore his particular point of view must be allowed for, when noticing his words of the other day. After saying that he and his friends submitted unrepiningly to the treaties of 1815, as far as France was concerned, "because they did not desire any further extension of territory for France," the young orator protested against taking them as the point of departure for the oppression and misgovernment of secondary states; and then he accused the government of making "an unne-

cessary war, and a mere war of conquest!" Here are his precise words: "I understand a government hesitating before it deprives a country of the blessings of peace; above all, when it has itself created a vast number of industrial enterprises, which, for their prosperity, need long-enduring security. . . . I do not therefore reproach the government with having hesitated and waited. . . . But, the question having been voluntarily raised by the French government itself, I then blame it for having consented of its own free will to abandon Milan and Venice. It was at liberty not to begin a general war in order to abolish the treaties of 1815; it is to be condemned for exposing itself to restore to those treaties all the importance they had lost. Will the government explain what are its plans? Is it about to make a purely local war? or, in accordance with Russia, is it meditating a remodelling of the European map?" I was present at this discussion, and at this point, the whole chamber, except a few men of the court *entourage*, burst forth in irrepressible applause. M. Olivier continued thus: "In Italy what is the government about to do? We may well be allowed to ask it with dread, when we reflect that France has ever protested of her sympathies for Italy, and has so often dealt her parrietal blows. Certainly our intervention may bring about the deliverance of Italy, but it may only lead to a treaty of Campo Formio, or to a Roman expedition like that of '49. Which of these two is the government's choice? Supposing the government to know its own mind on this matter, we know nothing!" Here again, immense applause burst forth.

"Now when, from this aspect of things we turn, my friends and I, and look at the interior, we see the central authority without a check, the entire community of citizens without a guarantee, public opinion without an organ; when we think of the past, too, have we not a right to fancy that the present expedition has no other aim than to win a little of that vainglory with which nations have too often the weakness to console themselves for freedom lost; and may we not suppose that the object is to make use of Italy, not to be of use to her? We could therefore only vote for the law you present us with" (the law for the 140,000 men and for the loan) "if we were ready to give a mark of confidence to the government, which we are not. We do not vote against, because we will not seem to desert Italy; nor will we seem to decide with Austria, whom we hate more than our rulers can hate her, because to us she is incarnate despotism. Let the government explain its intentions. Till then, our hearts are with Italy; but our hands are tied.

"The war begins in most favourable conditions, if indeed, as we are told by official documents, Russia, Prussia, and England leave Austria to her fate. We abstain, therefore, from those signs of approbation which are due only to situations of extreme peril; but we will remain true to our fathers' traditions, who, in the hour of need, and under the guidance of heroes like Hoche and Mareau, defended the sacred soil of the land from the pollution of the strangers' presence."

I can hardly describe to you the effect produced by this conclusion. It was enthusiastically greeted; and if you will attentively read over the last two or three paragraphs, you will see that few things can be more full of meaning than both M. Olivier's words and the applause of the Assembly. Nothing is eluded, not even the difficult topic of the official mis-statements as to the cordiality of foreign powers.

You may rely upon it, that the speech I have noted is by no means an indifferent occurrence, or one which you may or may not pay attention to.

There was a report about town this morning that the Sardinians and French had been obliged to fall back; and I know this much, that the apprehension and disquietude at the Tuilleries have been excessive.

In this strange country they revenge themselves for being forced to submit to whatever their master chooses, by turning their master and everything belonging to him into ridicule—*Il se venge de tout par des chansons* has been justly

said of them, and may, with equal justice, be repeated now. You are, perhaps, aware that the rage has latterly been for what are termed, "Calembourgs by approximation," such as, for instance, the famous "*Morny soit qui mal y pense*," instead of "*Honi soit*." Well, the names of three generals serve at this hour for the fun of the Parisians, and they have invented the following phrase, by which every man greets his friends when he meets them: "*Randon—Plon-Plon—Vaillant*" (making the sentence "*rendons Plon-Plon vaillant*"). You have no notion of the success of this small absurdity.

But the most deplorable fact of all to meditate upon is the dense ignorance of the lower orders, who, since the blessed intervention of the universal suffrage, govern this country. A lady friend of mine was yesterday surprised by the visit of a sort of peasant farmer, or *cultivateur*, from the neighbourhood of her country seat, and after talking to him for a few minutes, he astounded her by the ensuing piece of financial knowledge, "Well, *Madame la Comtesse*, there is no denying that Louis Napoleon does a vast deal for the prosperity of France, and we are far better off than we used to be; the proof is, that whilst that thief Louis Philippe used in his last years to sell his 3 per cents. at somewhere near 90, this man lets us have them at 60!" Now, this extraordinary announcement was made yesterday, as I again repeat, to a friend of my own, from whom I have it, and who could scarcely believe her ears when she heard it. She has told it perhaps twenty times since yesterday, and her own remark is: "Phenomenal as it seems, I unluckily find that almost every one I tell it to, has some similar case of ignorance and stupidity by which he can match it." And these are the governors of France!

The Imperial proclamation has not, I am bound to say, achieved any very great success. It is thought wily and weak; it evidently gives up the hitherto adapted falsehood about the "co-operation" of foreign powers, but it does so lamely, and tries to find some comfort in the assertion that the European governments "protested" against Austria's ultimatum, not daring to say that Austria, after that, again agreed to accept England's mediation, while France refused it. Then again, the reference to the Empress is not thought very flattering to her, for her august spouse states that: "Seconded by the last surviving brother of the (first) Emperor, she will be found equal to her mission." Naturally this makes the cavillers of this town say: "Why, then, if she were not so seconded, she would not be found equal to her mission."

I believe the Emperor starts in the course of this night; at all events, everything has been prepared for his departure then. The sudden death of General Bouat has much impressed the *entourage*; and the poor Empress, who is very superstitious, both by nature and education, says she sees a bad omen in it.

To turn to lighter subjects; a charming *pièce de lendemain*, as it is here termed, has been found for Meyerbeer's *Pardon*, in the *Fra Diavolo* of Auber. You are aware that often a great success at a theatre here is less a bit of good fortune than it seems, because its effect is constantly to leave the house empty upon the morrow. The consequence is, that when a great success is gained, the next thing to look out for is a *pièce de lendemain*. The *Pardon de Ploërmel* was for some days a terrible trial, and the Opéra Comique played on the succeeding nights to nearly empty benches. M. Roqueplan has now had recourse to Auber's *chef d'œuvre* of other days, and with Montaubry as *Fra Diavolo*, the receipts are enormous,—I am assured equal to those of Meyerbeer's opera.

I must say I never saw any thing better "got up," than this lovely little work, or heard the hero's part more charmingly sung than by Montaubry. If one was to enter into detail, there would be many slight criticisms to make, but as a whole the *Fra Diavolo* is a charming creation of Montaubry's, and he proves his right in this as in *Les Trois Nicolas*, to the epithet I told you was applied to him, "*Il est du dernier joli*."



## SCIENTIFIC.

## MEETINGS OF THE WEEK.

- MON.** Royal Institution, 2 P.M. General Monthly Meeting.
- Royal Geographical Society, 8.30 P.M. "Notes on the Lower Danube," by Major Stokes, R.E., Communicated by Capt. R. Collinson, R.A.; F.R.G.S. "Observations on the Geography of Central Africa," by James McQueen, Esq., F.R.G.S. "Remarks on the Seychelles," by Lyons McLeod, Esq., F.R.G.S.
  - South Kensington Museum, 8 P.M. Dr. Lankester, "On Starch and Sugar."
- TUES.** Royal Institution, 3 P.M. Professor Morris, "On Geological Science."
- Institution of Civil Engineers, 8 P.M. Discussion upon Mr. Kingsbury's paper, "On the Victoria Docks," and upon Mr. Harrison's paper, "On the Tyne Docks." "Short account of the Wrought Iron Girder Bridge over the Speys, on the Aberdeen and Inverness Railway," by Mr. W. Fairbairn, M.I.C.E. "Description of the Government Water-Works, Trafalgar Square," by Mr. C. E. Amos, M.I.C.E.
  - Zoological Society, 9 P.M. Scientific business. Mr. Gould, "On Birds from Tavoy in the Tenaasserim Provinces," collected by Capt. Briggs, R.N., and "On Birds from Siam," transmitted by Sir Robert Schomburgk. Dr. Von Dem Busch, "On new Fresh Water Shells, from Quito," in Mr. Cumming's Collection. Mr. Slater, "On a New Species of *Synallaxis*, and on the geographical distribution of the genus." Dr. A. L. Adams, "On the Birds of Cashmere and Ladakh."
- WED.** Royal Society of Literature, 8.30 P.M.
- Society of Arts, 8 P.M. "On the Recognition of Music among the Arts," by Mr. Henry F. Chorley.
  - British Archaeological Association, 8.30 P.M. Mr. Syer Cumming, "On the Black Jack and Bombard."
- THURS.** Royal Society, 8.30 P.M. Messrs. W. Fairbairn and T. Tate, "On the Resistance of Glass Globes and Cylinders to Collapse from external Pressure, and on the tensile and compressive strength of various kinds of Glass." Professor Brodie, "On the atomic weight of Graphite."
- Royal Institution, 3 P.M. Mr. Leyard, "On the Seven Periods of Art."
  - Society of Antiquaries, 8 P.M.
- FRI.** Royal Institution, 8 P.M. Weekly Meeting. Lecture at 9 P.M. Mr. Hopkins, "On the Changes of Terrestrial Temperature at different Geological Epochs."
- SAT.** Royal Asiatic Society, 2 P.M. Anniversary Meeting.
- Royal Institution, 3 P.M. Mr. Lacaita, "On Modern Italian Literature."

**SOCIETY OF ARTS.**—May 3, Thomas Chapman, Esq., Chairman of Lloyd's, in the chair. The paper read was "On Timber for Ship-building," by Mr. Leonard Wray. After pointing out the magnitude of the interests involved in the question, the author drew attention to the small number of timbers which were considered as first-class by the authorities of Lloyd's; and, although he approved generally of the rules adopted by that body, he thought that future experience would enable them largely to extend that list. He pointed out the important influence that locality and climate had upon the quality of any particular class of timber, instancing particularly the teak, which was so highly esteemed, but the durability of which was found to vary considerably, according to whether it was grown in high and open land, or in a close and low-lying forest. The finest kinds of mahogany were perhaps the best timbers for ship-building, though too costly to be generally employed; but good mahogany of a moderate price might advantageously enter more largely than it now did into the construction of ships, though its more extended employment must be regulated with judgment and discretion. Passing to the subject of obtaining increased supplies of good ship-building timber, Mr. Wray urged that it was not sufficient to discover forests of timber, even of the finest quality; for, before they could be turned to profitable account, we required a population to fell and trim it, a good shipping port, and the cheapest possible means of bringing it down to the port of shipment, as well as climate suitable to Europeans. The advantages possessed by Honduras in these respects were dwelt upon at some length, and the author pointed out how much we were indebted to Mr. Temple, the present chief-justice of that fine colony, for directing special attention to its capabilities and resources. The forests of Honduras contained many kinds of wood well adapted for ship-build-

ing, and the author was of opinion that they would well repay the expense of bringing to the English market. The Tenaasserim provinces also abounded in timber equally well worthy of attention, the most important kinds of which were enumerated and described. Our three settlements on the Straits of Malacca contained valuable woods, many of them unknown in Europe; and Mr. Wray considered this locality as affording a promise of a very large supply of timber, immediately measures were taken to commence the undertaking. The forests of the southern parts of Western Australia were well known to be of enormous extent, and one species of wood called the *jarrah*, seemed to be equally well adapted for ship-building and for furniture, and would form a profitable return cargo for ships trading with that country. The importance of adopting means of preventing ships' timbers from rotting, by impregnating them with some preventive fluid was strongly urged, and in the course of his paper the author discussed at some length the relative values of iron and wood for ship-building, recommending the former for mercantile purposes, but thinking it unsuitable for the construction of vessels of war. A discussion ensued, in which Messrs. C. Varley, E. J. Reed, P. L. Simmonds, T. J. Ditchburn, W. Hawes, W. H. Weeks, J. Mumford, and the Chairman, took part.

**ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.**—Wednesday, April 27th, W. Tooke, Esq., in the chair. William Longman, Esq., George Thornton, Esq., were duly elected members. Mr. Vaux read a paper, communicated by Sir John Boileau, Bart., on Merino sheep, in answer to the question whether or no this species, which has been brought to England from Spain during the early part of the present century, is the genuine descendant of the sheep which were originally sent to Spain from this country. Sir John Boileau demonstrated that, in very early times English wool was in high repute on the continent of Europe, and proved from various Spanish writers, and chiefly from the letters of Gomez Cibda Real, that there was in early times an office in Spain, called the Judge of the Shepherds, which was usually conferred on men of high rank, and that one Inigo Lopez di Oroso bore this title as early as 1339 A.D., a period when, the Spanish writer adds, "Flocks were first brought in transport-ships from England into Spain." He then goes on to show, from the Chronicles of Stow for the year 1464, and from Baber's Chronicle for 1465, that Edward IV. gave licence "for certain Cotteswold sheep to be transported and sent into the country of Spain—as a present to John, King of Arragon," not improbably in consequence of a treaty between the two kings which is preserved in Rymer's "Fœdera," vol. xi. p. 631. As was natural, the sending of these sheep to Spain was not popular in England; the Chronicle adding, that these ewes and rams "did so multiply in Spain as to have proved very detrimental to the woollen trade of England." Sir John, however, justly observes, that if, as seems most probable, the so-called Merino sheep are, after all, only descendants of those first sent from England to Spain, we have good proof that liberal policy is the best, and sooner or later brings its own reward. The spring course of lectures by Professor Christmas, on the prominent characters in English History, from A.D. 1640 to A.D. 1660, terminated on May 4th. The series included Charles I., Lord Strafford, Archbishop Laud, Prince Rupert, Lord Fairfax, John Hampden, John Milton, and Oliver Cromwell.

**ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.**—Annual Meeting, Monday, May 2, William Pole, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., Treasurer and Vice-President, in the chair. The annual report of the committee of visitors was read and adopted. The statement of sums received shows a steady and gradual increase in the yearly income. The amount of annual contributions of members and subscribers in 1858 amounted to 2109l. 9s., being more than had been received in any previous year. The receipts from subscriptions to lectures were 739l. 14s. 6d. The total annual income amounted

to 5060l. 8s. 8d. On December 31, 1858, the funded property was 25,831l. 1s. 8d.; and the balance 927l., with six Exchequer bills of 100l. each. There were no liabilities. A list of books presented accompanies the report, amounting in number to 132 volumes; making, with those purchased by the managers and patrons, a total of 712 volumes (including periodicals) added to the library in the year. Thanks were voted to the president, treasurer, and secretary, to the committees of managers and visitors, and to Professor Faraday, for their services to the Institution during the past year. The following gentlemen were unanimously elected as officers for the ensuing year:—President, the Duke of Northumberland, K.G., F.R.S.; treasurer, William Pole, Esq., M.A., F.R.S.; secretary, Rev. John Barlow, M.A., F.R.S.

**BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.**—April 27, T. J. Pettigrew, F.R.S., F.S.A., V.P., in the chair. Mr. Wills exhibited a bronze key of the thirteenth century, exhumed in excavations made at St. Mary-le-Bow; a leaden bull of Pope Innocent VI., found in the Thames, and a sportsman's companion of the early part of the eighteenth century. Mr. Syer Cumming also exhibited a similar instrument of steel of the time of William III. Early examples of this kind are rare. Mr. Clutton exhibited a richly-chased silver watch-case of the time of Queen Anne, with a portrait of her majesty, and Mr. Alfred Thompson one of gilt metal, chased by George Michael Moser in the reign of George II. Mr. Woodhouse exhibited a rare specimen of octagonal plaque of azure blue glass, each side painted with a miniature in oil representing the baptism of our Saviour, and Christ walking on the sea. This beautiful trinket is a Spanish production, set in an elegant gold frame, and decorated with turquoise and black enamel. It is of the close of the sixteenth century. Mr. Forman produced a leather costrel of the sixteenth century, recently obtained from Barrow Hill, Lincolnshire. Mr. Swynfen Jervis exhibited a portion of an early iron horse-shoe found at Darleston in Staffordshire, and Miss Allen exhibited two Nuremberg jettons found at Silchester. Mr. Wentworth, of Woolley Park, sent the transcript of a letter directed to one of his ancestors deputy-lieutenant for Leeds, dated from Preston, Nov. 13, 1715, relating to the army during the rebellious war. Mr. Gunston exhibited a gold coin of Cunobeline, found in March last in Oxfordshire. It is figured in Ruding, Vol. VI. Plate 4. The Rev. Henry Mackarness sent a fine specimen of Saxon spear-head, found at Ashdown, Kent; also rubbings from Sundridge of the fifteenth century. The remainder of the evening was occupied in the reading of Mr. Wakeman's paper on Pembridge Castle, Herefordshire, of which particulars, hitherto unknown, were given, and illustrated by plans and drawings. They were ordered to be engraved, and the communication to appear in the Journal. Parker Margetson, Esq., of Maddox Street; the Rev. J. J. Briggs, of King's Newton; Henry Walker, Esq., of the Admiralty; and J. H. Belpage, Esq., of New Inn, were elected Associates.

**GEOLOGISTS' ASSOCIATION.**—The ordinary monthly meeting was held at 5, Cavendish Square, on Monday evening, the 2nd inst., the Rev. Thomas Wiltshire, M.A., F.G.S., President, in the chair. A very interesting paper, "On the Geology of the South-East of England," was read by Mr. Mackie, F.G.S. After which a long discussion followed, in the course of which remarks were made as to the extreme rarity of fossils in the chalk representing the young of certain species of echinodermata. Large specimens are common enough, but the young species were said to be scarcely ever met with. Attention was also called to the fact that groups of fossils lying together, though common in other formations, are very rare in the chalk. Several very interesting specimens were exhibited by Mr. Charlesworth, F.G.S.; amongst others, the jaw of an ichthyosaurus. This jaw appeared to belong to a new species, and is a very remarkable specimen, being thirty-six inches in length, while



its greatest thickness at the base is only one-eighth of an inch. The orbit of this monster was eight inches in diameter, whence it was inferred that this enormous facility of vision might be intended by nature as a counterbalance to the danger which would result to the animal from the possession of so extremely weak and, at the same time, so prominent a jaw. The ordinary proportion of the length to the breadth at the base of the jaw of the common species of ichthysaurus is only two and a-half to one.

**INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES.**—Monday, 2nd May, John Finlaison, Esq., President, in the chair. Mr. Samuel Brown read a paper, "On the Mortality amongst American Assured Lives." There are two important disturbing causes which render it difficult to construct an American Life Table. These are:—1. The immigrations from Europe. 2. The migrations from one State to another. One-tenth of the free inhabitants of the United States are natives of other countries, and one-fourth of the remainder were born in other States than those in which they live. The American Insurance Companies have hitherto generally adopted the Carlisle Table at 4 per cent. with an addition of 35 per cent., and the high rate of interest obtainable on good security has hitherto sufficiently protected them against loss. From the Register's Returns for Massachusetts Mr. Elliott has drawn up a life-table, which shows the rate of mortality in that state to differ but slightly from that shown by the Carlisle Table. The late Professor Gill, actuary to the New York Mutual Insurance Company, was the first to attempt to ascertain the effects of the climate of the various groups of the States on mortality. A report drawn up by him will be found in Vol. III. of the *Assurance Magazine*, pp. 300—310. Mr. Sheppard Homans, the successor of Prof. Gill, has continued these investigations, and a very elaborate report has been drawn up by Dr. James Wynne, deduced from data collected and furnished by the same company. It was deemed advisable to divide the states into five classes for assurance purposes, and to these a sixth class, including the valleys of the Mississippi and Missouri, within ten miles of the river, north of lat. 36° N., and a seventh, including foreign and sea risks, have been added. For the third, sixth, and fifth classes, viz., the Carolinas and Georgia, the states lying along the Gulf of Mexico, and the States between the Mississippi and the Pacific, extra rates are charged; but it may be expected that, as the Western States become better peopled, it may be safe to reduce these charges. Although the oldest of the New York companies was not founded till 1842, there were ten companies in that State alone in 1857; they had at the end of that year 40,500 policies covering 22,000,000*l.* sterling, and their receipts for the year were nearly 800,000*l.* It is however very doubtful whether it is safe for an English company to undertake American business. Even the New York Mutual Company, though eminently careful, and therefore eminently successful, has not been exempt from losses, especially in its earlier years, and there can be no doubt that the American companies will always have the choice of the business. The President, Mr. Lodge, Mr. Day, Mr. Bunyan, Mr. Hodge, and Mr. Jellicoe took part in the discussion that ensued, and thanks having been voted to Mr. Brown, the meeting separated.

**THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.**—A letter from Marseilles, states that a fresh expedition has been organised for discovering the source of the Nile. The expedition is conducted by M. Miani, a Venetian, who has inhabited Cairo for the last ten years. He is a member of the Geographical Society of Paris, and the author of a map of the Valley of the Nile. He came to France two months since to complete the *matériel* and the *personnel* of his expedition. The Emperor Napoleon authorised the Minister of War to deliver to M. Miani the arms and ammunition necessary for his escort. The director of the arsenal of Marseilles has consequently forwarded

100 flint muskets and 3,000 cartridges to Alexandria. The expedition is composed of the Parisian painter, Dumas; Captain Peyhox, of the French commercial navy, whose mission is to make observations and fix the degrees of latitude and longitude, and to construct boats to traverse the lakes which the expedition may meet; of M. Paussel, of Avignon, secretary to the expedition; a physician, a naturalist, and a chemist, who are now in Egypt. The expedition will fix its headquarters at Kartoum, in Upper Egypt, a town in which about twelve natives of Marseilles or Genoa reside. M. Miani is supplied with a formidable *matériel*, and his escort is to be numerous. He takes with him a quantity of French trinkets to present to the chiefs of Arab tribes, or to African princes, or for traffic. M. Miani's expedition has a double character—first scientific, and next commercial. M. Miani has already contracted with merchants in Paris for the delivery of elephants' teeth, gold dust, copper, coral, indigo, lion, panther, leopard, and tiger skins, which are of great value in Paris. The members of the Miani expedition are armed with Minié rifles which kill at 1000 yards, and with sabres similar to those of the Chasseurs of Vincennes, which fit to the rifles. They are likewise furnished with cuirasses and metallic masks, to protect them from the bite of poisonous insects. They carry with them likewise a supply of frightful masks calculated to terrify the most savage tribes. The members of the expedition, who will feed themselves as they can, and chiefly by the chase, will traverse Nubia, Sennar, and Abyssinia. They expect to go far beyond the Equator, and to ascertain whether such a tribe of negroes exists as the Niam-Niam; and, if they find protection, they will traverse Africa in its entire length, and come out on the coast opposite Zanzibar.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### ROYAL ACADEMY.

We shall this week confine our attention chiefly to the pictures in the East Room, and take them pretty much in the order in which they occur. 'The Vale of Rest' (15), J. E. Millais, R.A., is the first on which the visitor will fix his attention. As we mentioned last week, the subject is a convent cemetery, with a nun digging a grave, alongside of which another nun is sitting. The rank grass, the thickly huddled graves, the fragments of rotted coffins and human bones which the nun is throwing up with the black unctuous mould, tell that the little graveyard has been long fully tenanted. A heavy gloom hangs over the whole scene. The very trees and shrubs speak of death. The nun who is digging is a sinewy stalwart sister, who has plainly not found this a vale of rest. The other nun has a sin-haunted face, and, with her head pushed forward and hands hard clenched, seems straining her large eyes to read whether you are not conscious of the secret that oppresses her. It is a hateful face this, one you cannot get rid of; but whether Mr. Millais intended to convey this sin-stricken aspect, or in his literalism has merely intensified the peculiar expression of his model, we cannot tell, as we confess to not being able to grasp fully the purport of the picture. As a painting, 'The Vale of Rest' will vex Mr. Millais's ancient admirers to the very heart. Instead of minute imitation and needle-point finish, the execution is throughout broad, and even slovenly. The low line of wall which goes across the picture from left to right, dividing it into two nearly equal portions, is in method of painting as great a contrast as can well be conceived to the wall which was so obtrusive a feature in his 'Huguenot.' But his breadth is not the breadth of nature: but as thoroughly conventional as that of any painter of the ante-pre-Raphaelite school. And in his other picture, 'Spring,' though the apple-blossoms are carefully drawn and painted, there is an equal absence of that peculiar stippled work which was so remarkable in his early painting. He has indeed here, in the faces of the eight girls who are pic-nicking in the orchard, mingled, as of old, pink, white, purple, yellow, and green, in

order to produce the healthy hue of youth; but instead of blending them, as in his former mode of handling, he has merely smeared them coarsely together, so that, with the intense red of the lips, there is produced as disagreeable a series of flesh tints as was probably ever brought together on one canvas since the invention of painting—the canvases of David and one or two of his followers perhaps excepted. And the features of the octave of little lasses are pretty nearly as unlovely as their carnations. Their features are too old for their forms; ill-temper is stamped on each countenance. There is some variety in their ugliness, but the prevalent type is characterised by a projecting lower jaw. Several of them have the long dishevelled hair common to almost all Mr. Millais's early damsels; but, curiously enough, whilst he used to make his English girls all red-haired, now he is painting Scottish lasses he seems to have pretty well eschewed the ruddy hue. We cannot, however, compliment him on any improvement in hair painting; coarser and less lustrous hair has seldom been seen. As was to be expected, the landscape in each picture is better than the figures. The apple-blossoms are hardly equal to the anticipatory reports, but they are the best part of 'The Spring;' it must have been a rare season, however, when Mr. Millais saw such a profusion of leaves, or leaves of so deep a green, on apple trees in blossom. But we might go on almost without end with this minute criticism, for the pictures seem to have been painted with the intention of provoking censure, so perversely eccentric is a large proportion of each. We incline to regard them in fact as an experiment. Mr. Millais is impatient of faint praise or blame. He loves to create a sensation. He first startled the art-world by his pre-Raphaelite heresy; but the novelty of pre-Raphaelitism is worn off. Imitators surpass their original in *bizarrierie*; and so their leader throws aside his grim motley to astonish beholders by donning one of a wholly different cut, but no less extravagant. This is a process that may be many times repeated, but for the sake of Art we trust that Mr. Millais may rest content with what he has achieved in this way; and, ere it be too late, set himself seriously to inquire how he may paint so as to secure a celebrity that shall be permanent, and not depend on the fickle tongue of fashion, or the interested applause of a clique.

In 'The Night before Naseby' (40) Mr. Egg has represented Cromwell in his tent, praying. He is kneeling by a chair, on which his sword is laid as a support to the Bible opened before him; his hands are clasped, and his eyes directed heavenwards. Cromwell's tent occupies the right half of the picture; on the other half is the open country (very like the battle-field), dotted over with the tents of the Puritan army, a group of the buff-coats being seen at a little distance engaged in holding a prayer-meeting. The picture is conceived in an excellent spirit, yet we cannot but think that if Mr. Egg had dwelt longer on the conception, he would have come to the conclusion that such a subject was hardly fitted for the painter. The mind can well conceive of Cromwell as thus engaged on so solemn a night. But, though he was ready enough to lead the prayers of his followers, he was not a man to parade his private devotions; and in order that he may thus be seen, Mr. Egg is constrained to set wide open the entrance to his tent, and by the lighted lamp to make the interior fully visible. If this objection, however, be set aside, we must award the picture a high place. The tone is, throughout, grave, almost solemn. All is still, but you feel that it is the stillness which precedes the storm. The expression of Cromwell is fervent, but not overstrained. The colour is sombre almost to monotony. A striking effect is produced by making the great black branch of a tree cut sharply against the full moon, the light of which is directly contrasted with that of the lamp. Though still not very neat, the handling is a great improvement on that of some of Mr. Egg's previous pictures. He would, however, do well to compare

with his own painting (not, of course, with a view to imitation) the dexterous execution of Mr. Phillip's 'Huff' (63), which hangs not far off. In this Mr. Phillip has painted the gay dresses of his Spanish ladies in a way that would charm the most exacting donna. The swimming eyes of the slighted maja are also excellently painted, but the rest of the face is hardly so good. Altogether the 'Huff' is so excellent a painting that it is impossible not to regret that so much skill has not been exerted on a more fruitful theme. Mr. Phillip is about to return to his favourite Seville; we wish him a pleasant journey and a speedy return with some fresh sketches and new subjects.

'The Coast of Cornwall, near the Land's End—a dismayed ship towed by a steamer' (70), F. R. Lee, R.A., is a vigorous picture of a striking piece of coast scenery, heightened in effect by a stormy sea, and the incident mentioned in the title. The waves are wildly tossed, the rocks strangely riven. Both are cleverly painted, but the waves are not of the true sea green, the rocks are of clay, and the whole seems scarcely enough studied. But even if more skillfully painted, the canvas would be too large for the subject. Mr. Lee's other picture in this room, 'My Cottage near the Brook' (270), is more in his usual manner, and is a very pleasant work. Mr. Creswick's 'Coming Summer' is a large picture, and though it cannot be exactly described as in his usual manner, is still one of a class familiar to his admirers. Across the foreground runs a shallow stream, through which a country girl is driving her horse on the way to market; beyond, in the centre of the picture, is a group of trees, thinly covered as yet with spring foliage; in the distance on the left is a stretch of open country; on the right a rural village. Over head is a quiet gray sky, which accounts for the cold hue of the scenery. Every part is painted with great care, and Mr. Creswick has succeeded in producing a very pleasant and thoroughly English landscape. His 'Village Bridge' (8) is also a pleasing landscape, but much smaller and less pretentious. In both of them there is a little too much neglect of the lesser ramifications of the trees: where the foliage is so thin the spray must be more noticeable. Not unworthy to be placed alongside of Mr. Creswick's is the landscape of Mr. Dawson, 'Ousely Bells, on the Thames near Windsor,' a work quite right in feeling and tone, but unnecessarily loaded with colour, and unpleasantly woolly in touch. There is no gain in an oil picture looking as though it were worked in water. Another noteworthy landscape in this room is the 'Twilight' of Mr. Oakes, in which the minutiae is not so prominent, and the colour richer than is customary with him.

'Warrior Poets of the South of Europe contending in Song' (82), by F. R. Pickersgill, represents a troubadour chanting, harp in hand, a song of love and chivalry, before a bevy of seven fair ladies, who, we may suppose, have constituted themselves a court of love. Behind the poet stands his competitor awaiting his turn; in the distance a couple of knights are running a friendly tilt. Careful study of the works of Giorgione has enabled Mr. Pickersgill to reproduce something of the tone and colour of old Italy. His ladies, graceful in form and feature, have much of the Eastlake type. The painting evinces patient study of the masters of the best period of Italian painting, and great mastery over the materials of the art. A few years ago a work like this would have been accounted a great success. Now we have become more exacting, and ask for purpose in a picture, and the evidence of original thought. Regarded solely from the artist's point of view, this work is a very beautiful one; but if it be looked at as an effort of imaginative art, a visible representation of a poetic thought, an original poem in forms and colours instead of words, it is not so satisfactory. And whilst we praise the technical part, we must be understood to do so (Mr. Pickersgill having attained to the highest dignity in British Art, and challenging criticism by the production of a work of such a character) with some reservation: the pose and the drawing of the lady on the right, who is resting her head on the tips of her

fingers, for example, are open to question, and in colour the crude blue of the distant sea is neither right in itself nor in harmony with the rest of the picture.

Mr. Ward's small picture of 'Marie Antoinette listening to the Act of Accusation, the day before her trial' (125), is but a poor specimen of his pencil, and it is one of a class of which we have now had more than enough. The shadows are blacker, the painting coarser, the whole cast more conventional than in any of his previous works of this class. Mr. Ward will do well to return without delay to homely English themes. If he does not take heed he will, at no very distant day, find that without knowing how he has drifted into hopeless mannerism. Mr. Herbert is another of our academicians who are persevering in a doubtful course. It is impossible not to recognise in his 'Mary Magdalen, with Spices, approaching the Tomb of our Lord' (165), fervid religious feeling, and the evidence of careful study; but at the same time it is equally impossible to divest oneself of the feeling that the picture is unreal and unspontaneous. But Mr. Herbert tells us that, elaborate and finished as it seems, it is but a preparatory "study for part of a picture of the holy women passing at daybreak over the place of crucifixion;" so that there is time to reconsider to some extent, the mode of treatment, and the possibility of substituting somewhat more Orientalism in the place of the present Germanism of character. Such a picture, executed on so large a scale, ought to be a grand addition to our limited gallery of works of elevated religious art.

Of more manageable dimensions is another work no less elevated in character by another academician, Mr. W. Dyce, 'The Good Shepherd' (174). Nothing can exceed the deliberate earnestness of purpose which every line of this picture manifests. From the head of our Lord to the meanest floweret at his feet, every part is carefully studied and diligently elaborated. It is very difficult to estimate such a work fairly in a crowded gallery, where it is not only impossible to consider it without interruption, but where it is surrounded by every variety of discordant subject and unfavourable circumstance. But, with a full perception of the painter's conscientious carrying out of his idea, we have been unable to bring ourselves to really admire the result. There is a degree of conventionalism about the principal figure, a hardness in the delineation, and a blackness in the colour, which prevent the work fairly seizing hold of one's sympathies. But we hope that the fault lies in our impressions and feelings, for it is a work of an order we so seldom see commenced and carried through with honest directness of purpose, that we should be glad to believe that it was as really fine a picture as it certainly deserves to be. Mr. Cope's 'Cordelia receiving intelligence of her father's ill-treatment by her sisters' (193), is in a less severe manner. Indeed Mr. Cope has lavished on the scene a more than opera-like gaiety of colour. Yet there is something very sweet in Cordelia's tearful face, and the countenance of her younger attendant is full of expression. But as a whole the picture will neither satisfy the student of Shakspeare, nor the thoughtful art-critic.

Immediately under Mr. Dyce's 'Good Shepherd' hangs a picture which the visitor should stoop to examine, 'England and Italy,' by Mrs. Jane Hay (173). The picture may be considered as an allegory—the scene Italy. "Two boys, one of English type, the other an Italian boy of the people," are standing on the edge of a quarry. A shapeless block of stone on which one has scratched the words "libertà, equalità, fraternità," lies at their feet and indicates the thought of the picture. The English boy leans in an easy careless attitude on the shoulder of his companion, an olive branch which he trails playfully on the ground symbolising apparently his trust in peaceful efforts. On the other hand, the firmly-planted feet, and dogged face of the Italian boy, seem to typify the attitude of the people of Italy. Beyond the boy, lies the Val d'Arno, smiling calmly in the soft sunshine. The

two boys are admirably contrasted, and with the surrounding accessories convey with sufficient clearness the artist's idea. But apart altogether from the allegory, the picture is a singularly pleasing one; while the execution is refined, chaste, and finished. The landscape, painted in the Val d'Arno, is redolent of the sunny South; the boys make in themselves a charming picture. No. 13, 'A Boy in Florentine Costume of the fifteenth century, wandering along a pathway in Tuscany,' by the same artist, is equally worthy of examination. In this the landscape, painted in the same lovely valley, is even more beautiful than the other, though from its lowness of tone, and being placed in immediate juxtaposition with the strong colours of Mr. Millais's 'Vale of Rest,' it at the first glance seems somewhat over sombre. These pictures we have noticed particularly, because they are by a new hand, and by a lady; and because they evince a quiet earnestness of thought and a disciplined maturity of style extremely rare in a debutant.

Two other young painters, but painters not unknown to fame, also have in this room works that will advance their reputation. In 'The Draught Players' (209), by J. Clark, representing "the old man as beaten by the boy," the puzzled look of the grandfather and the triumphant expression of the boy are rendered with a rare felicity. The attitude of the mother looking on is worthy of Edouard Frère. Mr. Clark has, we are glad to notice, paid more attention to the accessories of this picture than before; the cradle with the violin laid carelessly across it, and the dog sleeping on his side, are quite Wilkie-like in feeling. Ordinarily we are not admirers of Mr. J. Campbell's hard, flat manner, but this year the head of 'Our Village Clockmaker solving a problem' (14), seems to us a work of real genius, and the whole figure is worthy of the head. It is too bad that so small a picture and so good a one should have been hung in so bad a place. We commend these two works to the attention of Mr. Smith, who in his 'New Boy' (219), shows that he has a painter-like feeling and sufficient dexterity, though he has not yet learned how to discriminate between smoothness and finish. Mr. Hardy is another painter in the same Websterian line, who is parting with his natural vigour for a namby-pamby polish; yet his 'Foreign Guest' (124), an Italian organist with his monkey entering a country cottage, is not without some excellent qualities.

Sir Edwin Landseer has three pictures in the East Room. 'Doubtful Crumbs,' as we said last week, is as fine in its way as anything he ever painted. The head and paws of the sleeping mastiff are full of nature's own subtle modulations of colour, while the pose, the peering anxious look, and the rough coat of the terrier are as near perfection as perhaps the animal-painter can approach. His large picture of 'The Stag Taking to the Water' (175) is less refined in execution, and somewhat painful in subject. Yet Snyders would have rejoiced at the painting of the open mouth and hanging tongue of the stag, and the head of Oscar. The long roll of the wave—an unmistakable lake wave—is also put in with a masterly hand. The other picture, 'The Prize Calf,' is a bright, cheerfully-painted little work, but one of a kind only his pencil could make us wish to see painted.

The other pictures in this East Room we must leave till next week.

#### SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

Despite the war, the dissolution, and the Academy dinner, there was a great gathering of Art notabilities last Saturday afternoon at the private view of the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours; and the general feeling seemed to be that the Society, though it had reached its fifty-fifth year, showed no symptoms of declension. The places of Cattermole and Lewis in figures, of Prout in architecture, and perhaps of one or two others remain unsupplied; but for the most part the masters who have passed away have found worthy successors; more than one of the elders who seemed disposed to retire from the active struggle of life have in earnest resumed



their pencils; the younger members are strenuously endeavouring to catch the public eye, and the result is one of the most pleasing and satisfactory exhibitions we have had in Pall Mall East for many a year.

The president, Mr. F. Tayler, contributes the largest and most ambitious semi-historical picture in the room (72), 'Scotch Prisoners taken at a Conventicle: the subject suggested by Sir Walter Scott's Tale of "Old Mortality."' A little congregation of Covenanters have been surprised up among the mountains, and are now being brought down prisoners under an escort of Claverhouse's ruffianly troopers. The gray-haired minister, some of the old people, the bairns and two or three sonsie lasses are in pony-carts; a manacled Highlander trudges gloomily along on foot, his wife with a child in her arms cheering him; the soldiers ride carelessly on either side, the commander of the escort, a gay young cavalier, keeping a little apart. The scene is full of animation; the soldiers are not lay figures, but living men riding living horses; the various groups, picturesque in themselves, are picturesquely disposed; the colour is bright; the whole attractive. But it will not fear stand any very rigid scrutiny. It is a clever, picturesque composition; but it is not a satisfactory representation of a grave scene like this. It lacks the sentiment—the historical or the poetic conception, and the artistic development—essential to the subject. There is much clever execution, little individuality of character. Mr. Tayler has some other pictures which are noteworthy as illustrating his versatility. No. 239, 'Roosting Time,' represents the inmates of a poultry-yard at the parting hour. One sober old chanticleer as he is on the last round of the ladder by which he is reaching his chamber-door, is giving a parting cheer in reply to a long-legged comrade below who is raising himself on tip-toe in the effort to send forth a louder challenge; a peacock is giving his tail its grandest sweep as he struts off with my lady hen by his side; the turkey is swelling himself out in fear that he shall not receive due attention; the ducks are snatching a hasty last mouthful, and an attendant maiden is standing by the open door evidently as anxious as the attendants at a very different evening assemblage to have all away to their several quarters as soon as possible. Mr. Tayler has, in this picture, painted poultry as cleverly as he usually paints dogs and ponies, and with as much knowledge of their respective habits as though he had an interest in a poultry-yard. Another picture by him is a very charming little landscape, 'Broadford Bay, Isle of Skye,' (275), with a drove of cattle in the foreground; had the clouds been better drawn, little would have been left to be desired. 'Coming Home—Scene in Calthness' (35) is a careless portrait of a lady leading her horse.

Whilst the merit of bravest daring must be granted to Mr. Tayler, that of succeeding best must be awarded to Mr. F. W. Burton, whose 'Widow of Wöhlm' is one of the most exquisite water-colour drawings of its class we remember to have seen. Nothing can be more simple than the conception, nothing better than the way in which it is carried out. The widow is kneeling in the church with her little girl beside her; only one other worshipper is there, and she is at a distant altar. The interest of the picture arises from the admirably expressive yet unaffected pose of the mother and child, and the sweet expression of their faces. The widow is regarding, with reddened eyes and a slightly anxious look, her girl, who has turned its happy unconscious face to gaze after something that has caught its attention, but whose little hands remain clasped in the attitude of prayer. Both expressions are excellently rendered: the mother is not beautiful, but full of feeling, the child's is one of those lovely faces that can belong only to its happy age. And then the execution is as careful and as excellent as the conception and expression are fine. Every part is carried just to the point of finish in which all appearance of manipulation is lost, leaving the spectator to think only of the subject without having his attention for a moment

called aside to the painter. The colour is true, mellow, and harmonious; the draperies are well cast. Perhaps a captious observer might object to the extent of green curtain, but it has a certain value, and we are disposed to credit the painter with having well considered the effect it would produce. Mr. Burton's other pictures are all painted with equal care, though none is of equal importance with this. His 'Tyrolean Boys Trapping Birds' (282), is a charming rendering of children engaged in a serious play; and the imitative skill he shows in the peeled trunk of the tree and the herbage of the foreground, might well excite the envy of a botanical draughtsman. In his 'Apple Girl' (266), (to which, though a German girl, he need not have given a German title), he has we fear somewhat too much idealised one who was no doubt a very pretty maiden; but he has anyhow made of her a beautiful drawing. His little landscape study (60), and the view 'In St. Eucharist Chapel, Nuremberg,' (75), excellent in themselves, are even more valuable as evidences of the painter's observant habits and conscientious study.

'The Sizar and Ballad-Singer' (140), by F. W. Topham, represents Goldsmith, when a sizar at Dublin, listening to a girl singing one of the ballads he has written for the "Reindeer Repository," to keep himself from starving, and rewarding the girl with one of the five shillings he has just received for it. Goldsmith, awkward in youth as when a man, is ably conceived, and the Irish street life is very characteristically given. But it is not easy to judge from either singer or listener whether the song is a sad or a merry one—the laughing mouth and eyes of the pretty damsel peeping over the old man's shoulder seeming to contradict the sombre faces of the major part of the crowd. In No. 26, 'Spanish Gossip,' Mr. Topham has given us a very different street scene, but we cannot help suspecting that he carried his Irish recollections with him to Spain. The Spanish girl (whose bust is out of drawing) and her gossip, and the boy and girl at cards, there can be little doubt are children of the Emerald Isle. But both are very admirable pictures, full of life and character, and excellent in composition and colour. A pair of country scenes, however (215 and 291), though of humbler pretensions, are to our thinking even better,—fresher, pleasanter, and painted with a more evident sense of enjoyment. The girl 'Loitering' in 215 with a lazy carl, is one of the happiest figures Mr. Topham ever painted; and she looks hardly less happy when carrying her lamb across the stepping stones 'Homewards' in 291.

Mr. Gilbert is clever as usual, but as usual clever in a stagey, wood-cut style. He so evidently delights, above everything, in the exercise of his curious dexterity, and his admirers so evidently delight in it too, that it is hopeless to expect he will ever rise above the superficial mechanical executant he now is. Yet there is a certain broad humour about his Shakesperian pictures which makes us wish that he would set himself seriously to the endeavour to become a faithful representor of the inner life and thought of Shakespere's dramas rather than the mere delineator of their properties, or the melodramatic exaggerator of their farcical features. The best of his pictures this year is 'The Banquet at Lucentio's House' (132), in which the tapestry at the back is wonderfully well painted. The characters are caricatures. The best single figure perhaps is the Falstaff in the Aguecheek picture, No. 125, which contrasts favourably with the Falstaff in his large painting at the British Institution. His 'Trumpeter' (16), though the attitude is hackneyed, and the hand as much out of proportion as the badly-focussed hand in an ill-managed photograph, is a singularly dexterous piece of broad dashing execution.

The best large finished landscape in the room is Mr. Harding's 'Park' (136), and every admirer of the artist will be glad to see him returning with so much earnestness of purpose to the material he seemed to have abandoned for oil. In this picture, Mr. Harding shows at least all that mastery over his tools which was always such a

charm in his pictures. But he shows even more than his old power in discriminating tree forms and foliage: nothing can well be better than the firs near the centre of the picture, and the beeches on the right. The picture is a composition, but somewhat curiously, the composition divides itself into three distinct pictures: the river on the left, the rich central landscape, and the path to the right into the woodlands. It is, however, a noble work,—of its kind one of the noblest yet produced by our English water-colour school. The 'Valley of Chamouni' (92) is less to our liking: full to overflowing of subject, painted everywhere with rare dexterity, but missing entirely that crowning excellence—the art which conceals art.

Curious in every respect is the contrast between the clear sharp definition of every object and the bright distinct colouring of Harding's landscapes, and the broad, blotted, indefinite forms and hues of the veteran David Cox. Yet in both the student of nature will at once recognise, not merely the hand of a master, but the result of prolonged and close observation, and genuine feeling for natural scenery. Cox's 'Torrent and Waterfall' (73) is so broad in style, so much at first glance like a coarse smeary sketch, made in a storm, that many a careless visitor will not probably award it a second look. Yet, in truth, it is—notwithstanding all the evidence it affords of failing mechanical skill—one of the very grandest works Cox ever produced, perhaps the grandest representation of a torrent swollen by violent rains ever produced by any painter in water-colours. Anyone who has stood beside such a scene in such weather must recognise its truth in every quivering curve of the rushing water, in the heavy crash of the falling mass, in the whirl and eddy and impetuous uncertainty of the entire torrent. And the young artist will do well to observe how this majesty of effect is produced. An ordinary painter would have covered a large proportion of the surface with white foam; Cox has not a speck of white the size of a pea in the whole picture. He has felt that under such a sky, and with freshets pouring down from the mossy fells on every side, white foam would not be seen. And with the key given by the water, every other part of the picture is in perfect harmony. The rocks are noble in form, shattered and worn in surface, but they are subservient to the resistless stream; the trees are ill-drawn, but they impress the eye much as trees so seen would. The uncertain blue of the distance, the "dirty" sky, are alike in keeping. Seen from near the opposite end of the room, the effect of the whole scene is as marvellous in its power and truth as the most powerful storm-drawing of Turner's; looked at near-at-hand, its apparently accidental production is as surprising.

#### THE DRAMA AND MUSIC.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—This hapless theatre is becoming every year more and more intimately associated with that class of speculations which bear upon their front the brand of critical reprobation, and which the first glance informs us are doomed inevitably to be shunned by the honest, the sane, and the paying portions of the public. What "insane root that taketh the reason prisoner" can M. Sampson, whoever that benighted individual may be, have partaken of, that he has seen any other prospect for the wretched troupe of third-rate or superannuated mimes whom he has led into the wilderness of King Street, St. James's, than profitless audiences of refugees compatriotically and ineffectually performing the office of claqueurs unremunerated? When Mr. Mitchell has found it far more healthy for the state of his annual balance to give up the honours of directing a series of French plays which presented to the London public the cream of the Parisian stage; when such names as Rachel, Plessis, Albert, Rose Cheri, Dejazet, Rognier, Lemaître, Bouffé, Ravel, did not constitute metal sufficiently attractive to ensure a compensation to the labour, anxiety, and expenditure of the speculator, or even to indemnify him from loss, what can the immeasurably inferior entertainment now offered, on the self-same scene

of those departed glories, meet but with the most disastrous neglect? There is not the faintest gleam of hope for the affair, and it is wilful blindness, and absolute cruelty as well, to continue with it another week, unless indeed the adventure, as is seldom the case, is supported by sufficient capital and integrity withal, to secure a fulfilment of the contracts entered into with the several members of the company, independently of the success with which their endeavours may be crowned.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.**—The *rentrée* of Sig. Mario, in excellent voice and condition, gave a special interest to the first performance of *Rigoletto*, on Tuesday night. The prince of Italian tenors was, no doubt, moved to extra exertion by the rivalry over the way; but whatever the incitement, he triumphantly demonstrated that a Giuglini and a Mongini combined would not make a Mario. Never was "La donna e mobile" delivered with more exquisite grace and *nonchalance*. Mme. Lotti's *Gilda* surprised us. She has not (and never can have) the "agilità" of her immediate predecessor—the much regretted Mme. Bosio—but she has warmth, and life, and passion, and a lovely voice into the bargain. Her *cavatina* was well delivered, her duet with the Duke still better, her duet with *Rigoletto* best of all. The Court buffoon of Sig. Ronconi has not been surpassed in our time, as an impressive, characteristic, and masterly demonstration of histrionic genius; nor could substitutes easily be found for Mme. Didée in *Maddalena*, and Sig. Tagliafico in *Sparafucile*. Except that Mme. Lotti was some steps behind Mme. Bosio, Sig. Verdi's opera was never more effectively given. *Rigoletto* was repeated on Thursday.

This evening Mme. Grisi makes her first appearance as *Valentine* in the *Huguenots*; and on Thursday next the long-expected Mme. Penco will be heard in that very new and edifying opera, *La Traviata*. Mr. Gye has, we hear, engaged Miss Louisa Pyne to play the chief part in Meyerbeer's *Pardon de Ploërmel*.

**DEURY LANE ITALIAN OPERA.**—Mdlle. Tietjens is just the singer for Mr. E. T. Smith's enterprise. She possesses a magnificent soprano voice and immense dramatic energy. Her vocal execution is vigorous, animated, and brilliant, if not precisely what is termed "finished"; she can carry the crowd with her, and at the same time win the admiration of the initiated. Her acting is on a par with her singing—bold, broad, and showy, everything, indeed, but refined. As *Lucrezia Borgia* (in the opera of that name), on Tuesday night, she literally stormed the house. Never was citadel attacked with more decision or carried with greater promptitude. The *cavatina*, "Com'è bello," the *cabaletta* of which was completely smothered in *fioriture*, at once established the success of Mme. Tietjens; and thence to the end of the opera her triumph went on increasing. Never was success more decided. Mdlle. Tietjens may not be the ideal *Lucrezia*, imagined (in contempt of history) by Victor Hugo, and set to music by Donizetti; but she has an original notion of the personage belonging entirely to her self; and this she is able—thanks to her splendid physical resources—to realise in perfection. Mdlle. Guarducci disappointed general expectation. Her *Maffeo Orsini* was busy and restless, but neither individual nor characteristic. She was encased in "Il Segreto;" but the admirably sustained and modulated *trillo* of Alboni was not there, nor the saucy defiance with which the popular *brindisi* is dashed off by that accomplished singer. Never was the part of *Gennaro* sung with more refinement or acted with less nature than by Sig. Giuglini, whose "Di pescatore" was perfection, but whose death-scene was equally exaggerated and untruthful. Sig. Badiali's *Duke* was a very ordinary exhibition, although he gave his *cavatina* with spirit and correctness. It is a pity for Mr. Smith that his barytone should not be some five-and-twenty years younger. The opera was efficiently represented on the whole,

and nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the audience for Mdlle. Tietjens.

Mdlle. Balfé appeared as *Lucia*, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, on Wednesday, and in many respects created a more lively impression than in the *Sonnambula*. The performance, nevertheless, of Donizetti's popular work was anything rather than satisfactory. Either Sig. Mongini is not convalescing, or he is not the singer we had been persuaded to anticipate. His *Edgardo*, some few passages excepted, was at the best an exaggerated reading of the part. Less straining and more careful singing would have been to the purpose. The other characters may be passed over in silence. The audience, as usual, were not merely indulgent but warm towards Mdlle. Balfé, who in the mad scene of *Lucy* achieved the triumph of the evening.

On Thursday another new singer, Mdlle. Sarolta, is to make her appearance as *Violetta* in the *Traviata*.

**MUSICAL NOTES OF THE WEEK.**—This past week has been chiefly signalled by the performances of Herr Joseph Joachim—beyond comparison the greatest violinist living, whether as "classic" or *virtuoso*. At the concert of the old (and tottering) Philharmonic Society he played a new concerto of his own, and a *Chaconne* by John Sebastian Bach. The concerto—imagined and composed after the *Zukunft* model—was not very successful. The *Chaconne*, on the other hand, produced a furor. In both instances the playing of Herr Joachim was incomparable. The symphonies were Haydn's in E flat (No. 8), and Beethoven's in D (No. 2); the overtures were Weber's *Ruler of the Spirits*, and Mozart's *Zauberflöte*. Madame Bishop sang Mendelssohn's "Infelice," Sig. Belletti, an air by Mozart. Professor Sterndale Bennett remains at his post as conductor.

The Posthumous Quartets of Beethoven are, in their kind, among the most remarkable productions of the musical art, and among the whole catalogue there is not one more original, profound, and absorbing, than the E flat (Op. 127), introduced at the first quartet concert of Herr Joseph Joachim, on Wednesday night (Willis's Rooms). The coadjutors of the great Teutonic fiddler were Herr Ries, Mr. Webb, and Sig. Piatti. The execution was perfect in the fullest acceptance of the word. The other quartets were No. 11, (eleven) in F minor, with which the concert began, and No. 3, in F—dedicated to Count Rasoumowsky—with which it terminated. These performances have been instituted by Herr Joachim with the express purpose of affording the musical public an opportunity of hearing the later quartets of Beethoven, which are much too little known, and in which the Director of the Musical Union has hitherto shown little confidence. They are likely to attract all the London amateurs.

Herr Leopold de Meyer played on Tuesday, at the first concert of the Musical Union, held in St. James's Hall. His success was most brilliant, and the more entirely merited, since he proved himself by that one performance the most finished *virtuoso* of the day.

The Sacred Harmonic Society gave *Judas Macabæus* on Wednesday, in Exeter Hall, before a densely crowded audience. The choruses were for the most part admirable. The principal effect of the evening, however, was produced by Mr. Sims Reeves, in the air, "Sound an alarm," which he never sang with greater energy and power of declamation.

Among recent artistic arrivals may be mentioned that of Mme. Clara Schumann, the pianist.

During the year ended 31st of March, 1859, there were seventeen pasteboard (not being paper) makers in London and Birmingham. The quantity of paper opened in presence of the excise officer was 1,044,599lbs. in London, and 354,198lbs. in Birmingham; 1,031,154lbs. weight of pasteboard was sent out in London, and 350,602lbs. in Birmingham. The duty paid was, in London, 1644*l.*, in Birmingham about 19*l.*

## NEW NOVELS.

*False and True.* By the Hon. Lena Eden, author of "Easton and Its Inhabitants." (L. Booth.)

We are all of us, it is true, very much wearied with the multitudinous subjects from "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Don Quixote," and other favourite sources, which for many years were sure to supply pictures for the walls of the Royal Academy's annual Exhibition. But there are some subjects, trite, and even commonplace as they may be, which never fail of acquiring a certain degree of freshness and charm, by the manner in which they are handled. So much depends upon that same *manner*. Truthfulness to nature cannot fail to bestow a power of attraction on any subject however hackneyed.

Now, "False and True" has little in the materials of its subject that has not been sketched, and painted, and hung up on the novel publisher's exhibition for the season, time out of mind. The young "swell" about town, who courts the heiress to repair his dilapidated fortunes, proves "false," by paying his addresses to another more attractive young woman, is detected, foiled, and obliged to catch at the "fair, fat, and forty" tradesman's widow, with a plum, to save himself from ruin—the jealous, morose lover, who will not show to the object of his adoration that passion which the reader sees at once, and wonders nobody else sees—the timid, retiring lover, who shrinks from avowing even to himself his attachment to a rich heiress, while he himself is poor, both of whom prove "true,"—are subjects which have figured before the public again and again. But the authoress in her new combination of the well-known forms has contrived to give them a truthfulness, and a reality, that bestows on them, in "False and True," if not exactly the charm of novelty, at least that of freshness. Not only has she avoided all weariness in their reproduction, but she has enveloped them with an interest, which, under the circumstances, reflects the highest credit on her heart.

Most of the personages who figure in this amusing little novel are also well-known types and characters that have strutted on many and many a stage before. But by the same power of truthfulness, the authoress has invested them all with an unusual capacity for attraction. They are none of them carelessly smeared portraits—still less unreal fancy sketches. Were we not afraid that we should convey an impression of hardness and harshness in delineation, we should say that they are not pictures but photographs. But there is a finished roundness even in the most sketchy forms, and a delicacy of colouring that go away from the comparison. Like photographs, however, they give us the conviction that they are, at all events, a part and portion of the living thing, its shadow, its reflection in a mirror, its unmistakable effigy. That they are photographed from the life admits of not a moment's doubt. The authoress may disclaim the fact—most probably will. But without desiring to be discourteous to a lady, we must say that we should find it very difficult to believe her. If novel-writers *will* present such palpable and unmistakable realities for the entertainment of their readers, they must take the consequences.

We were inclined, at first, to take exception at the many episodic characters that appear throughout the story, as encumbering its action. But, as we went on in our amusing task, we found that they added once more so much to the truthfulness and reality of the scenes described, that in so far they became vital portions of the picture. The authoress has bestowed the same discrimination of natural character to her background as to her foreground figures. Without over-hard Pre-Raphaelite distinctness in their positions, they take their places as almost indispensable accessories in the general picture, where, like well-drilled "supers" in a play, they add to the interest of the *ensemble* without stiffly encumbering the stage. So where we fancied we had found a blemish, we are inclined now to see an admirable exercise of true art.

Another evidence of truthfulness, which adds to



the interest of "False and True," may be found in the drawing-room and country-hall scenes with which a tale of "High Life" (as we suppose life in Belgravia and in baronial halls, with lords and ladies, and rich heiresses, and young exquisites more or less belonging to the *fleur des pois*, must be called) naturally abounds. These at once bear the stamp of truth to the "life," and are evidently depicted by one who well knows the locale she paints. The photographic impression has here again its peculiar influence. Not that we are wearied by no other events than those of *Morning Post* notoriety. We have startling incident enough to carry the reader through a certain degree of excitement and mystery, although the interest may be again of a species frequently adopted by novel writers, ever since lost heirs were devised for purposes of fiction.

Amidst the many personages whom we greet as old acquaintances coming before us again in entertaining forms there are two, however, whom we must not fail to mention as ranging above the common order, and blooming with a certain blush of novelty. One of these is the coveted heiress, Pamela Dymely, the capricious spoiled child of fortune, *brusque*, original, self-willed, regardless of conventionalism, but yet so loveable. There is no mistaking the pains taken with this peculiar type. With less tact and art she might have been positively disagreeable. From an able hand she becomes a charming heroine. The other is the half imbecile, old Mr. St. Maur, the man without memory, who dreams himself the possessor of wealth lost for ever. Without that "labour of love," which sheds a halo even over distasteful figures, the poor half-witted man might have become as insufferable as he is now an object of sad but pleasant interest.

For those who seek the charm of amusement for a leisure hour, rather than the excitement of novelty, "False and True" may be recommended as a story sure of offering that charm and fully repaying those who seek the pleasant solace of fiction in its pages.

*Love Me Little, Love Me Long.* By Charles Reade. (Tribner.)

This very clever sketch from life is composed out of the not altogether unused characters of "a young lady of beauty and distinction," who comes of age during the progress of the story—her two guardians, one of whom is an ancient country gentleman great at pedigrees, the other a *parvenu* banker equally great at commercial affairs, and provided with a "managing" wife—and three, four or five *aspirants*, of whom No. 1 is the pet of guardian the first, and is like him a country gentleman of ancient family; No. 2 a *protégé* of guardian the second, and like him a banker; No. 3, a drawing officer, built on the same lines as Lord Verisopht, who only proposes "out of civility" because he "really thought" the young lady who had been using him as a provocative "was spooney on him;" No. 4, a youthful relative who bolts for the North Pole with a comrade on the very slight provocation of not finding a satisfactory dinner preparing for him in the nursery; and No. 5, mate of an Indian man, who, in the end, wins the day on the strength of certain sterling qualities of heart, as well as of some startling accomplishments of head, among which playing on the fiddle in such sort as to set his hearers weeping is the most prominent. The subordinate characters are an Amazonian nurse whose feelings and affections are as powerful and rough as her frame, and a waspish little sister of lover the fifth. Out of these materials Mr. Reade has succeeded in constructing a tale which has, and professes to have, little or no plot beyond the scheming of the two guardians, or rather of the country gentleman guardian and the other's wife, for a selfish settlement in life of their ward, but which merely serves as a vehicle for displaying the author's intimate acquaintance with human nature in a certain sphere, and with the secret springs which set it in motion for good or ill. That he has succeeded in this as in his other works in displaying this acquirement in its

strongest, if not in its most attractive colours, we are not disposed to deny, and that with a smartness of description and a certain raciness of humour which will never be without their charm to a large class of readers; but it has long since been observed that, of writers of Mr. Reade's school, there are two distinct classes, the one who sketch from life with a vigorous hand, but with the obvious intention of laying bare the secret impulses of life, in order that those who read may mark and profit; the other who sketch from the same source with equal vigour, but with an equally obvious intention of merely pointing out to the reader how very clever they, the authors, are. We should be sorry to class Mr. Reade among the latter, but certainly this little tale sorely tempts us to do so; there is so much that approaches affectation, and that style of universal sneering, by which aspiring persons of shallow intellect are sometimes wont to impress people of still smaller calibre with a vast notion of their own wisdom, that we are more than tempted to suspect an attempt at "show off" all through the book. This, however, is the worst that can be said of it, unless a somewhat dreary dissertation on banking should be added. A future development of the same characters in some new combinations is hinted at in the few prefatory remarks. We shall look for these in hope that, abating none of his acknowledged cleverness, the author will, in this coming work, think more of his characters and less of himself.

*The Last of the Cavaliers.* (Bentley.)

THE Last of the Cavaliers is none other than John Grahame of Claverhouse, to the development of whose character, principles, and inner life, the novel is devoted, and the other characters in it merely subordinated. It is open of course to people of all sorts of different shades of opinion to construct their own Dundee after their own fashion, and to reconcile as they best may the jarring characteristics which have so sorely puzzled historians. To our own mind the enigma admits of a solution sufficiently easy, but which would prove but scanty satisfaction to his admirers—the novelist among the rest—as it would admit many "Whigamore" fanatics to an equal participation in certain sentiments and convictions; with the actual historical status of the Viscount, we have, however, less to do here than with the way in which in the work before us the author's view of his character has been worked out; and, in reference to this, we are bound to say in the merest fairness, that it is long since the literary world has produced a novel so able and so thoroughly excellent of its class. Well conceived and artistically executed, it abounds in passages and scenes of genuine pathos, and rises occasionally to the level of true poetry. The pathos of the tale hinges chiefly on a childlike and reverential attachment formed out of gratitude to the great Jacobite leader by a humble minister's daughter in reduced circumstances—formed in entire ignorance of the fact of "Claverse" being a married man, and exposing him by a natural consequence to temptations and to injurious accusations which might well have tried the mettle of the most self-disciplined saint in the Calendar. From all these the "leal knight" comes forth of course unscathed, and the poor girl's misplaced attachment brings about equally of course her premature end. The story further serves to introduce some excellently executed sketches of what may be called type characters of the time. There is a boy earl with all the genuine impetuosity and rough intensity of feeling belonging to a true Scotch nobleman of that period; a capital group of drinking, fiery, quarrelsome guardsmen; one or two bright sunny specimens of Scotch female aristocracy; a fanatic brother, who is all for "down wi' Baal;" the inevitable kindly, rough, honest, humble servant; and many others drawn with a vigorous and faithful hand and set in scenery excellently illustrative of the Auld Reekie of 1688. We can have no hesitation in recommending the "Last of the Cavaliers" as a work of a very high—if not the highest—class of its order.

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## MISCELLANEA.

**SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.**—During the week ending April 30th, 1859, the visitors have been as follows:—Morning, 10,762; Evening, 9258. Total, 20,020. From the opening of the Museum, 883,975.

**CULTIVATION OF FLAX.**—It has often been a subject of wonder, that flax, which ought to be one of the staple articles of our manufacture, is so little cultivated in England, and is actually declining in Ireland. The cause of this is to be sought in the present defective system of preparing flax, a system which has hitherto deteriorated its merits and advantages as an article of cultivation by the farming community, and has involved the Rettor, or preparative manufacturer, in an undue expenditure of time, capital, and labour. So banefully have the difficulties of the preparation of flax-fibre in its crude state borne on the

producing or agricultural interest up to the present time, that out of 150,000 tons of flax annually consumed in the United Kingdom, not more than 50,000 tons are of home growth, notwithstanding the peculiar adaptation of English flax for certain kinds of linen manufactures; while hundreds of thousands of quarters of linseed are annually imported for home consumption. We are glad to see that an Association has been formed for the purpose of rectifying these defects, and encouraging the growth and manufacture of flax in this country. The venerable Sir John Dorat is the chairman.

**DEATH OF THE DUKE OF LEEDS.**—We have to record the death of the Duke of Leeds, who expired at half-past four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, after a short but severe illness. His grace was taken unwell a few days since, and in consequence of his illness the duchess came to town on Monday last from Hornby Castle, Yorkshire. The noble duke, notwithstanding the unremitting attention of the most eminent of the faculty, continued to grow worse, and at the above hour died, surrounded by his amiable wife and his nearest relatives. We are informed that the duke died from diptheria.

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